

THE  
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State and Operation of the Law of Marriage. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1848.
2. *The Report Examined, in a Letter to Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.* By A. J. Beresford Hope, M.P. London: Ridgway. 1849.
3. *A Letter on the proposed Change in the Laws prohibiting Marriage between those near of kin.* By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. Oxford. 1842.
4. *Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister prohibited by Holy Scripture, as understood by the Church for 1500 years.* By E. B. Pusey, D.D. Oxford. 1849.
5. *The Substance of a Speech delivered in the House of Commons, on February 22, 1849.* By the Right Hon. James Stuart Wortley. London: Hatchard and Son. 1849.
6. Συγγένητα. *A dispassionate Appeal to the Judgment of the Clergy of the Church of England on a proposed Alteration of the Law of Marriage.* London: Cox. 1849.
7. *Remarks on the Law regarding Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.* By A. Hayward, Esq. London: Benning and Co. 1845.
8. *Letters in favour of the Repeal of the Law, &c.* By W. W. Champneys, Thos. Dale, J. H. Gurney, H. Montague Villiers, and W. F. Hook, D.D. London. 1849.
9. *Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister not forbidden, &c.* By the Rev. J. F. Denham. London. 1847.
10. *Against Profane Dealing with Holy Matrimony in regard of a Man and his Wife's Sister.* By the Rev. J. Keble. Oxford. 1848.

11. *An Examination of the Rev. J. Keble's Tract against Profane Dealing with Holy Matrimony.* By an English Churchman. London. 1849.
12. *A Letter addressed to Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart.* By an Englishwoman. London. 1849.
13. *The Quarterly Review.* No. 169. Art. "Mr. Wortley's Bill." London. 1849.
14. *A Summary of the Chief Arguments for and against Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.* London. 1849.

SELDOM has there been a greater piece of legislative folly and mischief than was perpetrated by the British Parliament at the close of the Session of 1835.

A member of the English aristocracy having married the sister of his deceased wife, and thus contracted a marriage which might have been annulled by a suit in the Ecclesiastical Courts, the evil of which this was a single example, although long and widely prevalent, was for the first time noticed in Parliament, and a bill was brought in by Lord Lyndhurst to remedy it.

'We have it on the authority of that noble and learned lord himself, (expressed and reported in the course of the proceedings on the Duke of Sussex's case), that he never intended to prevent a marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Lord Lyndhurst's object was to establish the legality of all such marriages which had been contracted up to that time, and to provide that, as respects such marriages in future, they should not be invalidated, if they had existed for two years without being questioned in any suit actually commenced.

'This was the object of Lord Lyndhurst's Bill as introduced; but in the course of its progress it was suggested (I believe, by Lord Brougham) that such marriages, if contracted after the passing of the Act, should be deemed absolutely illegal; and that view being taken by certain members of the bench of Bishops, it was eventually enacted that all marriages celebrated after the passing of that Act, and within the prohibited degrees of affinity, should not be voidable only, but null and void; and by the recent decision of the Queen's Bench, a marriage with the sister of a deceased wife has been held to be included in the prohibited degrees within the meaning of that Act.'—*Mr. Wortley's Speech*, pp. 21, 22.

Of the suffering and the sin thus produced we shall speak presently, let us first say a word on the marvellous precipitancy and folly by which this proceeding was characterised. Even if the alteration thus made in the law had been of unquestionable propriety, it was but the dictate of ordinary wisdom to adopt some means of consulting public feeling on the subject, and to afford some opportunity for its expression. Changes in the law of marriage



within a great community, and more especially restrictive changes, cannot be effected after the manner of alterations in the customs or the excise. They come into immediate contact with millions of persons, and with sentiments and passions at once the deepest, the tenderest, and the most imperious which human nature or human society knows. The question of the harmony of such changes with the sentiments of the community is in this instance of peculiar importance, not merely as affecting the amount of misery which may result from the enforcement of an obnoxious law, but as affecting also the possibility of enforcing it at all. In the case before us, however, the alteration made in the law was very far from being of unquestionable propriety. Great variety of opinion subsisted upon it then, as now; and no subject can be named or imagined on which it could be more important that practical discussion, and a formation of a right popular sentiment, should have preceded, or at all events accompanied, the enactment of the statute. Yet no care whatever was taken in this respect. The public was taken wholly by surprise. To prohibit marriage with a deceased wife's sister, was, as Mr. Wortley states, no part of Lord Lyndhurst's bill as introduced into Parliament, or of the noble lord's intention throughout. For the suggestion of this piece of mischief England is indebted, it seems, to Lord Brougham, the great eccentricity of the age. The folly of its instant adoption, however, rests on a larger number of persons, of one and all of whom it may be said, that they ought to have known better. We cannot help looking back at the occurrence with astonishment. What! did it not occur to those grave senators, those staunch Conservatives, those ingrained admirers of things as they are, that such a change as this should be preceded by at least some little consideration and inquiry? As for the Commons, who should have been watching the public welfare, in 'the beginning of August' of course, the House was thin, and in a hurry to close. And so the bill was passed, not without hesitation, indeed, but on the fallacious pretext that it would be easy to reconsider it! So it is. Before the country can achieve the passing of useful measures, we must have committees of inquiry, voluminous returns, royal commissions, and reports in abundance; but mischief, it appears, may be done in a moment, especially by a practised hand.

But is it mischief? Mr. Wortley tells us that the Act of 1830 has caused 'an immense amount of suffering and of sin.' Let us not rest, however, upon his testimony alone. That the prohibitory law very soon produced, and has continued to produce, a painful effect on the body politic, is evident from the fact, that both the press and the legislature have been more or less occupied with the subject from that time to the present. In 1847, in

consequence of various petitions presented on the subject to the House of Commons,—‘some of them from parties interested in the question, others from individuals not interested, except from seeing the evils to which the law had led, and others from a considerable body of the clergy of the Established Church,’—Mr. Stuart Wortley moved the House to address the Crown, praying the appointment of a royal commission.

‘The Commission was granted, and the Commissioners appointed “to inquire into the state and operation of the law of marriage, as relating to the prohibited degrees of affinity, and to marriages solemnized abroad, or in the British colonies;” and I feel justified in boldly saying, that, with the exception of the humble individual who is now addressing the House, there could not have been selected a list of names more fully entitled to command confidence than that of the persons chosen to constitute this Commission. At the head was a right reverend prelate, of the highest character in the Church (the Bishop of Lichfield); next was Dr. Lushington, who is second to no man in authority upon matters connected with ecclesiastical law; the next was my lamented friend, Mr. Blake, the late Chief Remembrancer of Ireland, a member of the Roman Catholic body, and one who commanded their highest confidence and consideration; then came Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, a most learned, impartial, and laborious judge; and, lastly, my right honourable friend opposite, the Lord Advocate (Mr. Rutherford), whose knowledge of this, and every other branch of the law of Scotland, is most extensive, and of whose eminent qualifications I will say no more in his presence; and of all these Commissioners, with the exception of myself, who had expressed my opinion in this House, there was not one, as I believe, who had formed any preconceived opinion upon the subject; but all came to the consideration of the question with their minds perfectly open to conviction either way upon it.’—*Mr. Wortley’s Speech*, pp. 8, 9.

The Report of the Commissioners being thus introduced to our readers’ notice, we shall place before them in a few brief sentences the view it affords of the operation of the new law.

The object of Lord Lyndhurst’s Act must, of course, have been the prevention of marriage with a deceased wife’s sister throughout the community; since, short of this, its only possible effect is to turn marriage into concubinage, a result which cannot be supposed to have been intended by any legislature. The commissioners, consequently, very properly inquire in the first place, whether the law has answered its purpose, and they distinctly affirm, that it has not. Marriages of the class prohibited still continue, and occur in such numbers as to constitute a very grave element in the condition of society. The following extract exhibits the best basis which has hitherto been laid for any general calculation:—

‘Towards the close of the year 1846, a limited inquiry was instituted,

at the instigation and expense of some private individuals interested in this question, for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent the Act of 1835 had been infringed, and whether any hardships were inflicted by the operation of that Act, to such an extent as would warrant an application to Parliament for an alteration of the law. In stating the result of this inquiry, as it has been proved before us, we feel bound to observe, that, although made at the instance of interested parties, it appears to have been conducted by gentlemen of intelligence, station, and character, and with discretion, as well as with perfect integrity and good faith. The inquiry was limited to a period less than three months, and to a comparatively small portion of England alone: but five districts were selected with impartiality and discrimination, as likely to afford a test of the probable operation of the law throughout the kingdom. The districts consisted, 1st, of some of the manufacturing portions of Lancashire and Yorkshire; 2nd, Norfolk and Suffolk, and parts of Lincolnshire and Essex; 3rd, parts of Warwickshire and Staffordshire, including Birmingham and the Potteries; 4th, parts of Hampshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, including Portsmouth, Southampton, Winchester, Dorchester, Plymouth, and Exeter; and 5th, the towns of Bristol, Bath, and Cheltenham, and their immediate vicinities. Besides these districts, an inquiry was also commenced within the limits of the Metropolis, but was not prosecuted to any extent, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining information in so mixed and numerous a population, without any legal authority to require it.

‘The summary of information thus obtained may be stated as follows; viz., Of marriage ascertained to have taken place in the districts alluded to, between parties within the prohibited degrees, 1364 have been contracted since Lord Lyndhurst’s Act; and of these, upwards of nine-tenths have been contracted with a deceased wife’s sister. There were discovered, in the course of this inquiry, eighty-eight cases only in which the Act had prevented an intended marriage; and of these eighty-eight cases, thirty-two are stated to have resulted in open cohabitation, without the sanction of any form or ceremony.

‘Of the marriages thus ascertained to have been contracted, very few were between persons in the poorer classes. For though we have reason to conclude that such marriages are at least as frequent in those classes as in any other, and perhaps even much more so, the condition and circumstances of the parties render their affinity less observed, and consequently difficult to be traced without more elaborate investigation. On the other hand, among the parties contracting these marriages since, as well as before, the Act of 1835, there are found to be many persons of station and property, and of unimpeachable character, and religious habits.’—*Report*, pp. viii. ix.

‘Nine-tenths’ of 1364 are 1224, which is consequently the number of marriages with a deceased wife’s sister since the Act of 1835, ascertained by the inquiry. If, as Mr. Wortley conjectures, the inquiry extended to one-tenth of the population, the total number of such marriages will be 12,240; a number open to some, but an indefinite, augmentation from the probability



that the marriages in question are at once more numerous and less easily ascertained among the poorer classes. The total number of such marriages has been roughly, and we cannot doubt inaccurately, stated at from 30,000 to 40,000; a number with which Mr. Gardner in Parliament, and the 'Quarterly Review' out of it, have made themselves very merry. Taking 36,000 in twelve years, there is, of course, an average of 3,000 for one year; that is, since, according to the Registrar-General, 'the marriages between all widowers and all spinsters in one year, 1847,' were 12,000, one such marriage in every four of this class must be with a deceased wife's sister.\* The case is quite strong enough, however, if we take the lowest estimate which has been made—that of Mr. Campbell Foster, that 5,500 such marriages have taken place since the Act of 1835, or 500 every year—one in every twenty-four marriages of widowers and spinsters. This number will fully bear out the moderate language of the Commissioners—'The number of those marriages is so great as to justify us in saying, that the provisions of that statute rendering them null and void have not generally prevented parties from forming such connexions.'

Lord Lyndhurst's Act, then, has 'failed to attain its object,' and on this ground alone it ought to be removed from the statute book. But this is far from being the worst of the case. Not doing the good (supposing, for the sake of argument, its object to have been good), it was meant to do, it has done, and is continually doing, a vast amount of mischief. The Commissioners speak in the following terms:—

'The evil is great; for as, beyond all reasonable doubt, such marriages, when celebrated in England or Ireland, are void, the consequences are disastrous to the parties and their issue, at once affecting all the relations of mutual duty and obligation, as well as the rights dependent upon *status*; nor less pernicious, in a public view, as exhibiting avowed disobedience to law by the open assumption of a sacred character which the law expressly denies.'—*Report*, p. 9.

The demoralizing tendency of the Act, also, especially among the poorer classes, is thus distinctly indicated in a petition signed by fifty two clergymen of the Church of England, who say:—

'That among the poorer classes a prohibition so much at variance with natural impulses, has a direct criminal tendency, by inducing some parties to cohabit together without marriage, and by leaving it in the power of others who go through the ceremony of marriage, to deny its validity when it suits their purpose.'—*Wortley's Speech*, p. 30.

\* By a gross and inexcusable blunder, the 'Quarterly Review' states the case thus:—'That every fourth man who married in 1847 must have married his deceased wife's sister.'—*Quarterly Review*, p. 176.



A further ill effect of the law, of no small importance, is pointed out by Mr. Wortley in the following terms :—

‘ The law, far from being more efficient for the prevention of these marriages—far from having tended to the improved morality of the people—has been continually and extensively evaded, and has proved a snare even to the wealthier and middle classes, and still more so to the poor and ignorant. This law has led to frequent perjury—I mean such perjury as is involved in the giving a misdescription of the parties for the sake of concealment and in the denial of the actual truth ; and has led to open or disguised concubinage where the parties have cohabited together without the ceremony of marriage. Thus the present law has, in many ways, not only disturbed their happiness, but also demoralized the people.’—*Speech*, p. 6.

That such a state of things as is here described is deeply to be deplored, that the legislature which has occasioned it has much to answer for, and that no legislature can safely leave it without a remedy, we think must be manifest to all. The only ground which can be taken in defence of the law is, that, although it has not attained its object, yet it will do so in time, and that the present evil will be counterbalanced by the future good. But we are not believers in the asserted fact. We do not think the law ever will be obeyed. We must rather agree with the Commissioners, when they say, after an extended survey of ‘ the circumstances which generally give rise to matrimonial connexions of this kind ’—

‘ On a review of the subject in all these its different bearings and effects, we are constrained, not only to express our belief that the Statute 5 and 6 Will. IV. has failed to attain its object, but also to express our doubt whether any measure of a prohibitory character would be effectual. These marriages will take place when a concurrence of circumstances gives rise to mutual attachment ; they are not dependent on legislation.’—*Report*, p. xii.

If this conclusion be just, as we are satisfied it is, the law of 1835 must be condemned in no measured terms. Totally inefficacious for good of any kind, it is inevitably productive of the greatest evils, personal, domestic, and social. It thwarts and embitters the growth of the tenderest affections ; to a great extent it robs marriages at once of their sanctity and their protection, and arbitrarily converts them into concubinage ; it lays a snare for the conscience, and presents temptations, scarcely to be resisted, to fraud, falsehood, and perjury ; while by familiarizing the community at large with the violation of the marriage law, it tends to bring the whole law of that institution into disrespect. The law, in a word, is just what it should be, if it were a scheme for

undermining at once the happiness and the virtue of the community.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Wortley has undertaken an important public service in bringing the subject again before Parliament, in the shape of a bill for the repeal of the prohibitory clause of the Act of 1835. It has evidently made great advances in public opinion, and in the opinion of the House, within the last few years. In 1842, the Commons refused Lord Francis Egerton (now Lord Ellesmere), leave to bring in a bill. In 1847 they agreed to address the Crown for a Commission of Inquiry; and in 1849, they permitted Mr. Wortley to introduce a bill, with a fair prospect of carrying it successfully through. By tedious and infelicitous delay, indeed, the session has passed away without witnessing this happy consummation; but the measure has been only postponed, not abandoned. The progress already made gives promise of ultimate success, even in that quarter where the most strenuous opposition is to be expected. In the meantime we rejoice to see that the questions involved are undergoing so free a discussion by means of the press; and we shall perform what we deem to be our present duty by adverting briefly to the principal features of the current controversy.

One strongly marked feature of the case is the great number of pamphlets—one of Dr. Pusey's publications is a volume—to which it has given rise, and the continuous succession with which, for many years together, they have issued from the press. The writers of them also are of great diversity, both lay and clerical, and of the latter, from the lowest to the highest. All this shows that the interest felt in the subject is neither local nor superficial, but general and deep.

Another feature of the case, and one not less strongly marked than the former, is, that the authorities are almost equally distributed to the opposite sides, the very highest—as, for example, Archbishop Whately and the Bishop of Llandaff, against Dr. Pusey and the Bishop of London—being found in contradiction to one another. The effect of this on a reader of the entire controversy, is first amusing, and then astounding. It seems to convert the whole region of inquiry into a trackless wilderness; or rather, perhaps, we should say, into a boundless waste, covered in all directions with individual footprints, but without any indications of a beaten path. A not unnatural feeling is, that a subject the discussion of which leads to such interminable differences, had better be abandoned to its seemingly incurable uncertainty.

Some leading writers in this controversy, as Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble, after the example of the Bishop of London, throw

into their remarks an accusatory spirit of no slight asperity. The author of the 'Dispassionate Appeal,' after noticing the reproaches of the metropolitan prelate, thus adverts to the biting words of the leading Tractarian divine:—

'The perusal of Dr. Pusey's letter causes yet deeper sorrow; for it proves that there is a controversy in which even HE can forget Christian charity.

'Dr. Pusey appears to seek occasion to fasten on these marriages the epithet "incestuous;" and upon the assumption of their impurity—an assumption which he knows to be disputed by many devout and learned men,—casts upon their advocates the very serious imputation of desiring to find "a plea for passion," and of "tampering" with the command of the Almighty: he assigns to them an "undutiful, captious spirit, pleading for self-indulgence," and an "irreverent treating of the word of the Lord."

'It is difficult to perceive the necessity, or the justification, of these harsh revilings.'—*Συγγέμεια*. Preface, pp. ix. x.

We think so too; and we may add, that it is quite as difficult to perceive their tendency to enlighten and convince. We trust it is too late in the day for argument to be superseded by denunciation, even within the Church of England; we are sure that it is so beyond her pale. What infatuation can make such men write as though, not only all learning, but all purity of heart and simplicity of mind, were concentrated in themselves?

The main question in this widely extended argument relates to the meaning and the obligation of certain portions (Leviticus xviii. and xx.) of the Levitical law. It is laid down by the advocates of restriction that these contain the divine law of marriage, and that they are of universal obligation. The latter of these two points has the most direct bearing, since if the portions of Scripture referred to are not of universal obligation, it is of no consequence, so far as this controversy is concerned, to determine their meaning. Now Dr. Pusey himself allows, in his evidence before the Commissioners (Questions 426, 435), that the precepts in question are not to be deemed of universal obligation because they are Levitical, but because they are moral. All our moral duties, however, are involved in our relations, and are deducible from the relations out of which they arise. Accordingly, from the relation of marriage, as instituted by our Maker, can clearly be deduced the moral criminality of unchastity in all its forms, including incest, or the marriage of near relations generally; but is it possible to deduce from the same source, the incestuous character of marriage within the actual propinquity laid down in the Mosaic law? Clearly not; since this law prohibits marriages which, in the outset of the world, must have been right, and for which, consequently, the criminality cannot have been



involved in the nature of the marriage relation itself. If, then, these parts of Scripture be held to be moral, and, consequently, binding, it must be, not because they are conformable to the law of nature, but because they are recorded among the laws of Moses. Thus we are found reasoning in a circle. First we affirm the Levitical precepts respecting marriage to be binding because they are moral; and then we hold them to be moral because they are contained in the book of Leviticus. What is necessary to be done before the Old Testament precepts determining, as is alleged, the prohibited degree can be proved to be moral, is to deduce corresponding conclusions from a consideration of the matrimonial relation itself; and this, we are convinced, never can be done.

Indeed, that the Mosaic law never was intended to embody the moralities of marriage, may be conclusively argued from our Lord's declaration that a part of it, at least, was a concession required by the circumstances and habits of the Israelites, or to 'the hardness of their hearts.' While this is affirmed on unquestionable authority of the law of divorce, the same principle may safely be applied to the allowance of polygamy. Why, then, should a different language be held respecting the law of incest?

Further, it cannot be supposed that, if the Levitical law of incest were expressive of essential moralities, it would be found to differ from itself. It is the characteristic of morals to be perpetual and unchangeable; nor can it be supposed that, for any local, temporary, and economical purpose, the Divine Being would violate a moral principle. Yet in Deuteronomy is a precept which not only sanctions, but encourages, and all but enjoins, under certain circumstances, the marriage of a brother with his deceased brother's widow, a union elsewhere condemned. Now that an arrangement which in its nature was not moral, but one of general expediency only, should be thus pliable to a national object, we can understand; and we confess we cannot but take the fact that the arrangement in question was so pliable, as a proof that it originally resisted on grounds of general expediency alone.

These arguments, however, on the general question are not necessary in the particular case before us. For when the ground taken by those who uphold the obligation of the Levitical law of marriage comes to be more closely examined, they are found to affirm, not that it is binding upon all mankind, but that it is binding upon *the Church*. It was the rule, we are told, of the ancient Church, and it ought still to be acknowledged as the rule of the Church under the Christian dispensation.

Now upon this view of the case it is obvious to remark, that



it throws overboard altogether the antecedent argument. For marriage is not an institution for the Church, but for the world—for man as man, without any regard to religious character or position; and, consequently, the Divine law of marriage must have relation, not to a part of mankind only, but to mankind universally. If, therefore, the Levitical law on this subject be nothing more than the law of the ancient Church, it evidently cannot be the Divine law of marriage.

Besides, in this case the Levitical injunctions in question can no longer be held to be of a moral nature; for morality cannot be of limited force. All moral precepts are, from their very nature, of universal obligation, since the obligation of them arises out of the relations to which they are attached; a rule which binds the Church and not the world—that is, a part of mankind only, and not the whole, is no longer moral.

The obligation of the Levitical law of marriage, then, cannot, as it appears to us, be maintained; and hence, as before observed, it becomes of little importance—of none at all as to this controversy—to ascertain the precise meaning of its precepts. All parties, we think, may be heartily congratulated on this issue; for, if the diversities of opinion entertained on this matter may be taken to afford any indication, no two chapters in the Bible are more difficult of interpretation than the eighteenth and twentieth of Leviticus. First there is the question whether the pertinent passages relate to marriage at all; a question far from being satisfactorily disposed of, and a question, let us be permitted to say, which only acquires strength by such flippant and petulant notice as Dr. Pusey takes of it, and of Sir William Jones's opinion on it, in his republished evidence (Preface, p. lxxv.)\* Then there is the difficulty arising from the fragmentary character of the law itself, which robs it of all pretension to consistency as a whole law of marriage, and requires, in order to give it system and completeness, an addition of at least an equal quantity of human suppositions supplied by 'parity of reason.' And after this there are endless debates about a single verse, Leviticus xviii. 18; some maintaining that it forbids polygamy in general; others that it forbids polygamy with sisters; others that it forbids concubinage with one sister while married to another—all these again being so strenuously denied by other disputants, that even the 'Quarterly' reviewer gives up the interpretation of it in despair.† These are a part only of the difficulties of the case; but they are sufficient, probably, to satisfy our readers that this portion of holy writ is little fitted for incorporation in an Act of Parliament, or for discussion in Westminster Hall.

\* This opinion is cited at length in the *Eclectic Review* for February, 1841.

† *Quarterly Review*, p. 163.

A very strong, and one would naturally think, a decisive argument, on this intricate question, however, might seem to be deducible from the interpretation actually put upon the Jewish law by the Jews themselves. Had the case been that they had uniformly understood the Levitical precepts as prohibiting marriage with the sister of a deceased wife, we do not see how we could have escaped from the conclusion that this must have been their true import. The fact, however, turns out to be otherwise, as declared by Dr. Adler, chief Rabbi in England, in a letter to the Commissioners. In answer to the question, 'Whether the marriage of a widower with the sister of his deceased wife is understood by the Jewish nation as prohibited by the Divine law?' he replies:—

'It is not only not considered as prohibited, but it is distinctly understood to be permitted; and on this point neither the Divine law, nor the Rabbis, nor historical Judaism, leave room for the least doubt.

'All the Rabbis concur in this view of the question; for in examining their opinions from the Mishnah (Jebamoth iv. 13) downwards, to the Schulchan Aruch, Eben Ezer (sect. 15, § 26), we find that they prohibit marriage with a woman after the *divorce* of her sister, but expressly permit it *after her death*; the same conclusion must be arrived at by searching the Jewish Commentators, from Philo (see his 'Special Laws of Moses,' p. 303) down to Zunz; so that, to the best of my knowledge, not a single opinion can be met with throughout all the Rabbinical writings, which would even appear to throw any doubt on the legality or propriety of the marriage of a widower with his deceased wife's sister.'—*Report*, p. 152.

It is little to the credit of Dr. Pusey that he should have attempted to invalidate the statement of Dr. Adler, by allowing himself to represent an evident interpolation of some copies of the Septuagint as an integral and original part of that ancient translation of the Scriptures. His anxiety to establish a point must, in this case, have blinded his critical judgment; and it has exposed him to a well-merited, and we may add, a well-administered rebuke, by an English Churchman, in his 'Examination of Keble,' pp. 28, 30.

Turning from the Levitical precepts, we find several advocates of restriction making a strenuous effort to found an argument on the primary and unquestionable law of marriage, Gen. ii. 24. Taking hold of the expression, 'they shall be one flesh,' they contend that a wife's relations become the husband's also, *in the same sense* as his own; and that, consequently, as a man may not marry his own sister, so neither may he marry the sister of his wife.

Now it is manifest that this argument rests on a view of the oneness constituted by matrimony altogether exaggerated and

untrue. 'The husband and wife,' says Dr. Pusey, 'are *really* one.' The obvious reply to this is, that the assertion is contrary to fact. The husband and the wife are as clearly two persons throughout life and in death, as they were before they were married. The whole truth is, that a married pair are not really, but metaphorically one,—a sense for which we have the authority of the Bishop of London, to set against that of Dr. Pusey. His lordship indeed adds, that, by virtue of it married people 'do contract a *certain kind* of consanguinity with their mutual relations,' not real, of course, but metaphorical, like the oneness out of which it arises. This topic, into which our limits forbid our entering more at length, is well handled by the author of the 'Dispassionate Appeal,' pp. 5—12.

A further remarkable feature of this controversy consists in the stress laid on ecclesiastical authority. Dr. Pusey, in his evidence before the Commissioners, has gone largely into this matter, and in the volume in which he has republished his evidence, he has put it exclusively forward, the title he has chosen being in these words, 'Marriage with a deceased wife's sister prohibited by Holy Scripture, as understood by the Church for 1500 years.' There are parties, we suppose, on whom this, if it could really be made out, would be an influential consideration; but with us, we confess, it has no weight whatever. Not that we are without respect for Christian antiquity. On the contrary, we have the very highest respect for it, provided it be only ancient enough; but the period assigned by Dr. Pusey is too modern for us, by at least three hundred years. Besides, we have no faith in the existence of the body which he calls 'the Church;' the conception is a mere figment of the imagination, created and upheld with no view, we are persuaded, to the illumination of mankind. That many ecclesiastical bodies have, during the period stated, meddled with the subject of marriage, is quite true; nor is it less true that they have meddled for the greater part most perniciously, and often for the most corrupt and flagitious purposes. Upon the subject of marriage, church authority is the worst of all conceivable guides. Whatever be its value, however, and even could it be shown that it is much more pure and enlightened than it really is, it can have nothing to do with the matter, except for the government of the Church. Let those who are of the Church, and acknowledge the authority of this undefinable entity, do the best they can to reconcile the contradictory judgments in which her so-called opinions may be found recorded, and be guided by them as best they may. But what is all this to us? Our necks, we rejoice to say, are not under the yoke, nor will we be brought into bondage. With the Bible in our hands, it is at once our right and our duty to judge for ourselves.



We do not, indeed, feel the force of any appeal on this matter, which is made to us *as Christians*. We hope we are Christians, and we should be sorry to be wanting in regard to any of the Divine precepts which are given to direct our conduct as such. Marriage, however, appertains to us, not as Christians, but as men; and it would equally appertain to us if we were wicked men, and not Christians. By far the larger portion of mankind are now, and from the earliest ages have been, destitute of religion; yet marriage is divinely instituted for all, and the only admissible rules for the guidance of mankind in relation to it, must be such as it is competent to all to ascertain and to appreciate. We object altogether to the idea that marriage is a religious institution, and to the phrase employed by Mr. Keble, 'holy matrimony.' As meant for the world, and unless prohibited to the ungodly—that is, to nine-tenths of our species—marriage must have been intended for mankind irrespectively of religion. Like all other conditions, it may have religious feeling thrown into it by parties who are religious; but no religious feeling is necessary to the constitution of the condition itself. Marriage, however reluctant the priestism of the day may be to admit it, is, so far as earthly powers have to do with it, a civil contract, not a religious one, and so the legislature of this country has fully, and we cannot doubt finally, acknowledged it to be. If the Church of England, or any other church, please to hold that marriage, *in the case of its members*, shall be held to be a religious act, and shall be subject to restrictions on a religious ground, we can have no objection, membership with such churches being optional, and the power of enforcing their decrees being limited to the modes of ecclesiastical censure to which such churches may be competent; but such regulations should obviously neither extend to other individuals, nor employ other machinery. Parliament will assuredly not make laws on the supposition that all Englishmen are members of the Established Church, or on the system of constraining the secular courts to enforce on the entire community her ecclesiastical regimen.

The differences of opinion which abound so largely among the writers in this controversy, when treating of scriptural interpretation, reappear in a manner equally striking when they handle the question of domestic and social expediency. Dr. Pusey thinks that the conjugal relation extends to the spiritual world. 'There are surely many Christians,' says he, 'whose hopes being beyond the grave, their love too is beyond the grave; who can love no second with a husband's love, because they still love the first; who looking to be reunited, though as the angels of God, in heaven, cannot on this earth displace that union by another.' (*Letter*, p. 13.) The Bishop of London lays it down, that men



can have no difficulty in shaping their affections according to an Act of Parliament, let it prohibit what portions of the fair sex it may. Mr. Keble judges that the prohibitory law is a safeguard to domestic morals ; while seven hundred clergymen have signed a petition to Parliament affirming their conviction that it has 'an immoral tendency.' Sir Robert Inglis declared in Parliament, in contradiction to the member for Pontefract, that the women of England did not wish the restriction to be removed, and forthwith issued from the press a letter to the gallant baronet from 'An Englishwoman,' patting him on the back for having given genuine utterance to the feelings of the sex. Having spoken of this letter as written by an Englishwoman as an act of courtesy, we trust we may be permitted to say that we have serious doubts whether this is the fact. We are sure, at all events, that if so, the writer has not expressed the sentiments of all her sex, and that it is not in the spirit of a noble-minded woman to cast a slur upon 'the innocence and integrity of heart' of all women who differ from her. We have personally conversed with not a few women who in purity and delicacy of mind cannot be surpassed, and we have not found a single instance in which a similar sentiment has been held.

What is really to be inferred from all this diversity of opinion is, that the question of domestic and social expediency is one which does not admit of a categorical answer. There are advantages and disadvantages on both sides, and they are perceived or unperceived, they are of greater or smaller dimensions, according to the side which the writer has taken. We cannot hesitate to affirm our full belief that the balance of expediency is decidedly in favour of liberty, and against restriction ; to maintain this, however, is not necessary to the argument. Restriction in such a case cannot be justified *on the ground of expediency*, unless that expediency be fully made out and established. This clearly, upon a perusal of the whole controversy, is not the fact. It will show small wisdom in Parliament to have passed a law for the attainment of a doubtful benefit, or to do infallibly as much mischief in one direction as it may *perhaps* do good in another.

Nothing in this discussion has surprised us more than the vehement outcry raised by the advocates of restriction against the relaxation of the present law, as though it were the removal of an ancient land-mark.\* Why, the restriction itself is but of yesterday. From time immemorial, both before the Reformation and after it, up to the year 1835, marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been not only possible, but frequent. The real question

\* 'Mr. Wortley proposes,' says Mr. Hope, 'to alter the ancient marriage law of England.'—(*Report examined*, p. 150.) And to the same effect, Archdeacon Hale, in the Evidence, (Q. 1302.)

is, not why it should now be allowed, but why it should then have been prohibited. That was the novelty in English law, adopted—not as Mr. Hope asserts, with a ‘general consent,’ but without any commensurate discussion, without inquiry, without reason; adopted, indeed, only temporarily, and on a promise of subsequent investigation, but now tenaciously maintained as though it were among the foundation-stones of human society. Let our readers ponder the following account of the manner in which the class of marriages in question has been profligately tampered with, both by the Church and the State,—by popes, princes, and parliaments:—

‘Prior to the Reformation, the degrees within which persons might marry were prescribed by the canon law; and the restrictions were made as numerous as possible that the Romish Church might extort a revenue by dispensing with them. At this period, a marriage with the sister of a deceased wife stood on the same footing as a marriage with a sixth or seventh cousin. Both were formally prohibited, and both actually took place. The cause of the change is well known. Henry the Eighth had married his brother’s wife under a dispensation. He got tired of her, and applied to the Pope for a divorce on the ground of consanguinity, with the view of marrying Anne Boleyn. The Pope refused, or granted it too late; the Reformation commenced, and Henry applied to one of his servile parliaments to release him from his ties. By 25 Hen. VIII. c. 22, s. 3, a marriage with a brother’s wife or a wife’s sister is expressly declared to be within the prohibited degrees, all marriages between persons more remotely connected being legalized. This statute, however, is commonly regarded as superseded by the 32 Hen. VIII. c. 38, which enacts in general terms, without any enumeration of degrees, “that all lawful persons may marry;” that “all persons shall be considered lawful that be not prohibited by God’s law;” and that “no reservation or prohibition, God’s law except, shall trouble or impeach any marriage without the Levitical degrees.” This act (though its meaning is far from clear) has been termed the Magna Charta of Matrimony, and was intended as a definitive settlement of the law; but there is a subsequent statute (1 Mary, sess. 2, c. 1), by which Henry’s marriage with Catharine is solemnly pronounced to have been from the beginning “a just, true, and holy union, in strict accordance with God’s law and his holy word.”’—*Hayward*, pp. 13—15.

Such is the statecraft by which the momentary position of this important question was determined in times past, and the priestcraft by which it is in danger of being influenced now is worthy of as little respect. The only valid plea for mooted this matter at all is to be found in the fact, that marriage with a deceased wife’s sister is forbidden by the canons of the Church of England, and so liable to be declared void by an ecclesiastical suit. That this evil required a remedy is true; it should, indeed, have been remedied long ago for the sake of the community, and not have been left a rankling sore in the body politic

till an aristocrat happened to come within the reach of it. The remedy, however, is obvious. The canons of the Church are, happily, not laws of the nation. A few words in an Act of Parliament will prohibit the Ecclesiastical Courts from entertaining any suit on the matter.

We are too much accustomed to the guise of a care for morality which ecclesiastical bigotry and ascetic humours assume, to be either surprised or affected by it on the present occasion. It has been the 'thunder' currently employed, whenever any portion of the natural rights of man has been likely to be wrested out of the hands of priests. It was so, as is well known, when the luminous writing and powerful influence of Jeremy Taylor achieved liberty for the marriage of cousins, and it is naturally the same now. We were not prepared, however, for the ludicrous blunder and solemn farce enacted by the Rev. Dr. Pusey in making the following assertion:—'All these relaxations of the sanctity of marriage,' he says, 'are so many forerunners of the last apostasy, and are preparing the way for that power of Satan, one of whose characteristics is *forbidding to marry*.'—(*Letter*, p. 15.) Accepting the theology of this assertion, it must be obvious that its application cannot be to those who are claiming *liberty* to marry, but to those who advocate restrictions on marriage—that is, to Dr. Pusey and his friends.

If, however, care for the morals of society really operates, it may fairly be claimed as an argument for the repeal of the present law. The writers who urge this topic applaud English domestic feeling *as it is*, and argue as though it had been the produce of the present law. On the contrary, however, the existing domestic feeling of England has grown up under the former law, and not the present,—the law of liberty and not of restriction. If the system of practical liberty has wrought out what is so much to be commended and admired, why should even the most zealous moralist be afraid to return to it? It wanted nothing but, by one short enactment, to be rendered safe from the danger of interested assault by means of one of the crying nuisances of our age, the Ecclesiastical Courts.

The advocates of restriction seem to think that they make a strong point when they ask, 'Where is the inroad to stop?' And the 'Quarterly Review' solemnly says, 'We repeat this question formally.' And we, with equal formality, answer the question, in these words—'*Where the British public pleases*.' Where else, we should like to know, under a government which is allowed to be representative, and the voice of the people to be its supreme law? In the case of marriage especially, and above all other cases, no law can long exist which is contrary to the



sense of the community, or which, in other words, any large mass of the people will not obey. Such a marriage law would practically become a law for creating concubinage, and vitiating titles to property. The manner in which the Society of Friends obtained their matrimonial immunities affords an example which should not be lost sight of in this controversy, by advocates on either side.

We must not conclude this article without a few words descriptive of the principal publications we have placed at the head of it.

That which is entitled to our first notice is the pamphlet of Mr. Beresford Hope, which professes to be an Examination of the Report presented by the Royal Commissioners. As Mr. Hope is a member of Parliament—he represents the borough of Maidstone—we are entitled to expect from him some fair exhibition of legislative gravity and wisdom. We have been sadly disappointed, however. His examination of the document before him is miserably superficial, and his treatment of the whole subject abounds with flippant impertinences, beyond any *brochure* pretending to a serious character which we recollect to have met with. He thus, for example, treats the Commissioners. In the commencement of their ‘Report,’ they say—‘We conceive that it is not necessary, in the discharge of the duty entrusted to us, that we should attempt any examination of the law or practice in the early ages of Christianity. In reference to this it may be sufficient to state that, for several centuries, marriages within certain degrees of affinity were prohibited by the Church, but that by the authority of the Pope dispensations were granted.’ On this our examiner remarks:—

‘I appeal to you, as one believing that Christianity is of Divine origin, if you can read these sentences without amazement. It is really impossible to say anything which will not weaken the effect of its inimitable coolness, coming whence it does, and from whom it emanates, and on such an important subject. One would really almost fancy oneself in a Parisian club, when one hears the tenets and the practices of the earliest and purest days of Christianity, so cavalierly dismissed in three lines as “not necessary” to bestow a passing thought upon. If such marriages are contrary to Christianity “*cadit quæstio*,” but to ascertain this “it is not necessary” “to attempt to enter into any examination of the law, or practice, in respect of such marriages in the early ages of Christianity.” The only fact which the Commissioners care to lay down about these “early ages of Christianity” is, that during them the Pope granted dispensations for marriages within the prohibited degrees.’—*Report Examined*, pp. 7, 8.

We appeal to our readers whether they ‘can read these sentences without amazement.’ There is, in the first place, a direct falsification, since the granting of dispensations by the Pope is



not 'the only fact' stated by the Commissioners. They clearly state, also, 'that marriages within certain degrees of affinity were prohibited by the Church.' In the next place, here is the egregious blunder of supposing that the rule of Christianity respecting marriage can be ascertained by an examination of what are called 'the early ages' of it. This 'young member of Parliament,' as he modestly calls himself, should go to school to Dr. Pusey, who will teach him, authoritatively, that, for the first three hundred years after the Christian era, no light whatever is thrown on this subject. And, finally, we have a flippant imputation of infidelity and socialism to the Commissioners, including one of the bench of bishops. Yet this 'inimitable coolness,' we suppose, 'coming whence it does,' is in keeping. One has only to 'fancy one's-self,' not 'in a Parisian club,' indeed, but in the Carlton.

Mr. Hope's treatment of the parties whom the evidence given to the Commissioners brings before the public, is equally indecorous. A flippant sarcasm serves him on every occasion. Thus, when one witness states that 'Dissenters feel themselves less than any other class in society bound by the present law,' he exclaims—'Interesting victims of their own inability to live by laws they were born under!' (p. 41.) When some abuses of the present laws are stated, he adds contemptuously,—'Such are the people for whom we are called upon to legislate!' (p. 43.) To one sufferer under the act he bitingly ascribes 'heroic self-devotion' (p. 45); and, after some melancholy details respecting another, he laughingly writes, "'Very mournful," indeed' (p. 77). Of one case, in which 'the gentleman must have been *at least* forty-nine, and the lady *at least* forty-three,' he jeeringly exclaims, 'Susceptible pair!' (p. 114.) In another instance he exclaims, 'Admirable reason for so important a step!' (p. 116.) And in one in which a gentleman consulted happened to be a physician, he says, 'This is a sort of case for which I never before heard of a physician being called in' (p. 122). But we must stop. These are a few, a very few out of very many instances of a similar kind. This member of the British legislature seems to think that the deepest and most sacred feelings of human nature are entitled at his hands to nothing but mockery and sneers. And yet he makes it a grave complaint against the Commissioners that they did not require the testimony of women! Does he think that any woman on earth would open her inmost heart to such heartless ribaldry as his? This is 'inimitable coolness,' 'coming whence it does.' It is painful to see the name of Sir Robert Harry Inglis mixed up with what is so little worthy of respect. But the electors of Maidstone should see to this, and its remedy.

Of the productions of Dr. Pusey in this controversy we have

already sufficiently spoken. With much learning, he greatly wants candour and largeness of view. He is the mere ecclesiastic.

The same may be said of Mr. Keble, only he is still more uncandid and evasive than Dr. Pusey. He is well and searchingly answered by an 'English Churchman,' in the justice of whose opinion we entirely concur, that there is in Mr. Keble's tract 'a startling absence of fairness in the statements, much suppression of important particulars, and additions which lend a delusive colour to the arguments' (p. 30). We must add that it is written in a spirit of bitterness for which we find it difficult to account.

The pamphlet of Mr. Denham consists of an effective discussion of the view of the Levitical law put forth by Professor Bush, of the United States.

*Συγγένεια* is, as its title states, an Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of England, and, with much good sense and force of reason, it blends in a singular manner timidity and boldness. The author discusses at large the binding force of the canons of the Church of England. The following extract will show how he touches on a part of the subject which is tender to Churchmen:—

'The law, as it now stands, enacts peculiar hardship to the Romanists and to the Protestant Dissenters. The former hold these marriages valid, with a dispensation: neither hold them contrary to Scripture. Yet they are prohibited from contracting such by an *Act of Parliament*. And when they seek redress, on the ground that the *Act* has deprived them of a right which belongs to them as Christians, they are answered that a *Canon of the Church of England* forbids the legislature to entertain the question.

'It has been said, indeed, by the Bishop of Exeter, that if Parliament chooses to allow the validity of these marriages in the case of Dissenters, Churchmen will have no right to complain. . . .

'Nothing can be conceived more fearful than a separate law of marriage for Churchmen and for Dissenters. It would operate as an almost irresistible incentive to dissent. It would be the source of infinite confusion in civil affairs, and of infinite danger in matters ecclesiastical. Most disastrous and most mischievous would it be, if the *validity* of a man's marriage should depend on his being a Dissenter, and its *invalidity* on his being a Churchman.'—*Συγγένεια*, pp. 34, 35.

The small pamphlet containing the 'Letters of the Five Divines,' as they have been called, is adapted to impression. The names of Champneys, Dale, Gurney, Villiers, and Hook, can hardly be thought to be identified with a measure of which good Churchmen have much need to be afraid.

The Summary of the chief arguments for and against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, however, is *multum in parvo*. In about twelve pages it gives a condensed and yet clear view of the whole argument, and is well adapted to free and extensive circulation.

ART. II.—*John Howard, and the Prison-World of Europe. From Original and Authentic Documents.* By Hepworth Dixon. London : Jackson and Walford.

THIS volume must not be confounded with the common herd of biographies. It is superior to them both in its theme and in the style of its execution. It has something to tell, a genuine character to delineate, a lesson to inculcate, on the reception of which the interests of humanity are suspended. There is no paucity either of incidents or of moral. On the contrary, its pages are crowded with the richest and best records of human virtue. It shows at once the debasement and the magnificence of man's nature—the degradation entailed by crime, and the moral heroism which a sense of duty can inspire. In reading the ordinary productions of this class, we are painfully conscious of a perpetual effort to magnify the author's hero. Little virtues are exaggerated, defects are kept out of view, and a character of small dimensions and little worth, is made to challenge the esteem, if not the admiration, of mankind. There is a striking contrast between the claims preferred, and the service detailed. Words are substituted for deeds. Private affection disposes the light and the shade of the picture: and the kind friend, the indulgent parent, or the respected tutor, is described in terms suited only to the superior or more finished specimens of our race. There is nothing of this kind in the volume before us. The subject did not admit of it, and the author evidently possesses too much of the spirit of his theme to attempt it. The mere name of John Howard is eloquent. It speaks volumes of genuine humanity, and is understood, without interpretation or comment, in almost every civilized speech. Englishmen may well be proud of the name. It is one of our brightest. The names of warriors and statesmen, of philosophers and poets, will fade from the national memory before that of Howard is forgotten. In a comparatively brutal age, it rose by the mere force of its own virtue to the surface of society, and is now enshrined amongst the most cherished recollections of the virtuous and the wise. It is grateful to remember that such a man lived. It is yet more grateful to witness the marvellous revolution he effected, and to review his course as a stimulus to whatever is generous and self-sacrificing in human action.

To record the labours and to delineate the character of such a man, was no light undertaking. Happily it has fallen into good



hands, and the world will no longer have to regret that no suitable record of one of its best men exists. Mr. Dixon has drunk deeply into the spirit of Howard. He rightly appreciates the man. We need no other evidence than that supplied by his book that the theme *lay in his path*. Every page tells that it was so. His vocation is beyond all question, and for the manner in which it has been discharged, we tender him our best thanks. He has rendered a service exceeded by few, and we greatly err if the public do not acknowledge themselves his debtors. His method of pursuing his great theme is thus described by himself:—‘The mental and moral portraiture of Howard attempted in this volume is new. As the writer’s method of inquiry and of treatment was different to that ordinarily adopted, so his result is different. His study of the character was earnest, and he believes faithful. After making himself master of all the mere facts of the case which have come down to us, biographically and traditionally, his plan was to saturate himself with Howardian ideas, and then strive to reproduce them living, acting and suffering in the real world. The public—the ultimate judges of all literary and artistic merit—will decide upon the fairness of his interpretation.’

The date and place of Howard’s birth are involved in some doubt. The former was probably 1725 or 1726, and the latter, Clapton, in the neighbourhood of London. His father was a merchant, who retired from business about the time of the son’s birth. Little is known of his mother, who died during his infancy. He was by no means a precocious child, so far at least as intellectual development was concerned. ‘No one read the signs of genius in his sickly silent face; and no one ventured to predict an eminent career for him in after life. But every one who knew him loved him. His gentle manners, his modesty, his self-sacrificing spirit, endeared him to every heart: but this was a sort of love nearly allied to pity—no one feared, no one admired him. As a child, he passed unnoticed, just as the majority of dull and undemonstrative urchins do, except when some Quixotic piece of benevolence marked him out for observation.’ His first schoolmaster was the Rev. John Worsley, under whom he made little progress. With this gentleman he remained seven years, and those who expect to discover prodigies in his early career, are unanimous in censuring the incompetency or indolence of the preceptor. As Mr. Dixon, however, remarks, ‘the time has come when the admirers of Howard can afford to be just,’ and we will therefore relieve the memory of his first tutor from much of the obloquy which has been cast upon it. The pupil was probably more at fault than the master.

From the seminary of Mr. Worsley, young Howard was removed to one of much higher pretensions, under the management of Mr. James Eames, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a friend of Sir Isaac Newton. Very different accounts are given by his friends Drs. Aikin and Stennet, of his attainments at this period. The truth probably lies between them. One thing is clear—Howard was no scholar in the technical sense of the term. He felt no vocation to this kind of thing, and probably regarded it with some degree of contempt. He attained, however, what was infinitely more valuable, and we have happily outgrown the folly of preferring the chaff to the wheat.

‘Howard,’ says Mr. Dixon, ‘had little scholastic learning—that is perfectly certain; probably he knew little more than the names of the Greek letters and the Lord’s Prayer in Latin. So far Aikin is right; but he had at the same time a fair acquaintance with English literature, and he knew something of nearly all the languages of Europe. French, indeed, he spoke like a native, so as to be able to pass for a Frenchman when it suited his purpose—as will be seen on more than one notable occasion hereafter. With science he had a general acquaintance, particularly with meteorology and medicine; and his knowledge of policy, of geography, of history, of the condition, social and commercial, of foreign countries, was various and exact. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that, although not a scholar, Howard was a remarkably well-informed man for his generation. That he had but a meagre knowledge of poetry and criticism, compared with Dr. Aikin’s attainments in these departments of useful knowledge, may be admitted without detracting much from his merits.’—Pp. 45, 46.

The elder Howard, though retired from business with a sufficient fortune to secure the independence of himself and his son, was solicitous that the latter should be trained to commerce. He was therefore apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in London, and for some years was punctual and diligent in discharging the duties which his position involved. Such an occupation was far from useless. ‘The counting-house and the exchange have valuable lessons even for the gentleman and scholar; while for such a career as that of the philanthropist they are inestimable.’ Howard, however, felt that commerce was not his calling, and though he appears to have acquiesced thoroughly in his father’s plans, he was no sooner master of his own actions, than he purchased the remaining period of his service. His father died on the 9th of September, 1742, bequeathing him his landed property, and seven thousand pounds in money, besides his plate, furniture, pictures, and a moiety of his library. A sister—the only other child—was left eight thousand pounds, and the other moiety of the library. His constitution, always feeble, was at this time greatly debilitated, and he determined, therefore, to try the effect

of foreign travel in restoring his health. Whither he went, and how long he was absent, are now matters of conjecture. He returned with his health improved, but not re-established, and fixed his residence at Stoke Newington.

‘ His adopted mode of life was of a very simple kind, and the lodgings which he occupied were anything but ostentatious. He indulged in no personal luxuries, unless the keeping a horse for exercise—being an invalid—can be esteemed as such. Owing, in the first instance, to a constitutional tendency to consumption, his diet had been regulated on a perfectly ascetic scale. The particular malady from which he was suffering, while at Stoke Newington, was nervous fever, and a general breaking up of the whole physical system. At this epoch of his life, his final recovery was very doubtful; for he was not merely in a state of temporary debility—his constitution was unsound, and he was organically predisposed to be affected by disease;—but, thanks to his great abstemiousness, and the primitive simplicity of the little food which he did take, his constitution at length rallied: Providence reserved, nay, through these very trials and sufferings, prepared and strengthened him for his great task. A part of each day he regularly passed on horseback, riding in the lanes about the village. It is said, in a contemporary biographical notice, that he would frequently ride out a mile or two into the country, fasten his nag to a tree, or turn him loose to browse upon the wayside; and then throwing himself upon the grass, under a friendly shade, would read and cogitate for hours. This statement, if true, would indicate more of a romantic and poetical temperament in Howard, than the generally calm and Christian stoicism of his manner would have led one to expect.’—Pp. 60, 61.

He lodged at this time at the house of Mrs. Loidore, ‘an ordinary-looking woman of fifty-two,’ the widow of a clerk in a neighbouring factory. She was kind, attentive, and cheerful; deeply afflicted herself, and therefore qualified to sympathize with those who were in trouble. While occupying her apartments, Howard had a severe attack of illness, and experienced at her hands the most kind and gentle treatment. Her attention was evidently genuine. There was no manœuvring in it, no design against the heart of her invalid lodger. It was the tenderness of a mother, and Howard felt it deeply. On recovering he tendered the lady his name and fortune, and, strange to say, ‘she seriously refused her consent to the match, urging the various objections which might fairly be alleged against it—the inequality in the years, fortune, social position of the parties, and so forth.’ Howard, however, was resolved, and in the end carried his point. Contrary to general experience, neither party had to regret the alliance. Its duration was brief, but during its continuance it was regarded with undiminished complacency. Mrs. Howard’s death occurred in the third year after marriage, and on the breaking up of his domestic establishment, which



immediately ensued, her husband resolved on a change of scene, as likely to benefit both his health and spirits. The terrible earthquake of 1755 had recently overthrown a large part of Lisbon, and Howard resolved on going thither in order to minister to the wants of its surviving inhabitants. The packet in which he sailed was, however, captured by a French privateer, and carried into Brest, where Howard experienced the ordinary barbarity to which prisoners of war were subjected. Before reaching the harbour, he was kept without food or water for forty-eight hours, and

‘When they were at length landed, he was confined, with many other prisoners, in the castle of the town, in a dungeon, dark, damp, and filthy beyond description, where they were kept for several additional hours without nourishment! At last a leg of mutton was brought and thrown into the cell—as horseflesh is thrown into the dens of wild beasts—for the starving captives to scramble for, tear with their teeth, and devour as best they could. In this horrible dungeon, thus fed, they were detained for a week. Six nights were they compelled to sleep—if sleep they could under such circumstances—upon the cold floor, with nothing but a handful of straw to protect them from the noxious damps and noisome fever of their overcrowded room. Thence our countryman was removed to Morlaix, and subsequently to Carpaix, where he resided for two months on parole. At both these places he had further opportunities of witnessing the treatment which prisoners of war received at the hands of their enemies,—such as soon made him sensible that his own case had been one of comparative leniency. Whilst living at Carpaix, he tells us in a few terribly graphic lines, that he had corresponded with the various English captives at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan, and had thereby gained “ample evidence of their being treated with such barbarity that many hundreds had perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole in Dinan in one day.” This was only at a single point of that extensive coast, which stretched along, hundreds of miles, from the Netherlands to the Pyrenees; and on the opposite shores of England the same species of barbarities were also being perpetrated.’—Pp. 69, 70.

This was a bitter lesson, but it was fraught with good. We can now see its connexion with what followed, but to Howard himself, at the time, it must have been a mysterious and perplexing matter. There must have been something especially marked and attractive in his character even at this period, for he was speedily indulged with comparative liberty on his bare word not to escape, and after a short time was suffered to return to England, in order to see whether the Government would make a suitable exchange for him, his honour simply being pledged to return to captivity if unsuccessful. We need scarcely say that his hopes were realized, and the first use he made of his liberty was a pathetic appeal to the authorities on behalf of his

fellow-prisoners. 'The Friend of the Captive had the satisfaction of receiving their thanks for his timely information, and such definitive proceedings were adopted that he soon after had the pleasure of knowing that his efforts had caused the restoration of his fellow-prisoners to their liberty and country, as well as mitigated the miseries of many others.'

The future philanthropist was not yet aware of his great mission. He had received his first instructions, but shrunk from the publicity of the career before him. He, therefore, retired to his patrimonial estate at Cardington, near Bedford, and employed himself in the cultivation of his mind and the diligent discharge of his duties as a landlord. His health was at this time improved, and his general tone calm and cheerful. He looked to Cardington as his settled home, and contracted a second matrimonial alliance with a lady every way worthy of him. Henrietta Leeds was the eldest daughter of Edward Leeds, of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire, serjeant-at-law. 'Mild, amiable, pious, tolerant, she was well prepared to act on all occasions in the spirit of her husband's views.' Their marriage occurred on the 25th of April, 1758, and some of our fair readers will be scandalized at one of the conditions on which Howard insisted:—

'We must not omit,' says his biographer, 'an incident that occurred before the ceremony, which is very significant of Howard's frankness and firmness at this epoch. Observing that many unpleasantnesses arise in families, from circumstances trifling in themselves, in consequence of each individual wishing to have his own way in all things, he determined to avoid all these sources of domestic discord, by establishing his own paramount authority in the first instance. It is just conceivable that his former experience of the wedded life may have led him to insist upon this condition. At all events, he stipulated with Henrietta, that in all matters in which there should be a difference of opinion between them, *his* voice should rule. This may sound very ungallant in terms—but it was found exceedingly useful in practice. Few men would have the moral honesty to suggest such an arrangement to their lady-loves, at such a season; though, at the same time, few would hesitate to make the largest mental reservations in their own behalf. It may also be that few young belles would be disposed to treat such a proposition otherwise than with ridicule or anger: however conscious *they* might be, that, as soon as the hymeneal pageantries were passed, their surest means of happiness would lie in the prompt adoption of the principle so laid down.'—Pp. 79, 80.

His course of life at Cardington was eminently tranquil. He had at length found a partner who fathomed the depths of his affection, and his complacency was only limited by a deep sense of the finite and mutable character of all human good. He sought to remedy the defects of his education, and devoted him-

self to the study of natural philosophy, especially such departments of it as border on natural theology. 'The religious element was that always uppermost in his mind. In every pursuit in which he was engaged, he sought for fresh proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty. Religion was, in fact, his vital principle. God was present to him always. The grand and solemn image of a guiding and controlling Providence—a Spirit bounteous in its mercies, but exacting in proportion to its bounty—was never absent from his mind. In everything he said, or did, or thought, the end in view was always lofty, the aspiration ever up towards heaven.' This element entered so largely into the composition of his character, that we should do injustice both to Howard, and to the spirit of this biography, if we did not transfer the following extract to our pages. It reveals the secret of many passages of his history, and does honour to the lofty faith by which his career was shaped.

'Science, of itself, can do little to make men—though it may make students,—and for Howard it did nothing. Neither from the science of England, nor from the literature of Greece and Rome, did he levy those contributions on which character can be erected; nor do we find that he ever proposed to himself, as models, any of the heroes or sages which the classic lands produced. His antitypes lay in another country—in a different history; and with all their splendid virtues and antique ideas—he formed himself upon them. These were, the apostles, prophets, and patriarchs of old. There was one literature—and only one—with which he was thoroughly acquainted,—that of the Holy Scriptures. There was but one system of life developed in the history of the past, which commended itself completely and unreservedly to his conscience and his heart—that of the early Hebrew times. This was the source of his weakness as of his strength. He almost rejected modern life and the morals of a civilization which is at once more advanced and more corrupt. In all this, we trace the paramount influence of Puritan ideas. Constitutionally pious, education and personal inspiration had both directed Howard to study the Book of Life. In its pages, he found the principle of all science—the foundation of all wisdom. He had conned it early and late; had taken it to his soul, until it became to him a Living Law. To its righteous spirit he sought to assimilate all his being. To him, the Word of God was in the place of all other literatures and lores. On its doctrines, its moralities, its social sentiments, his life was built up on system. More completely, perhaps, than any other individual in modern times, by dint of incessant contemplation of this history, had Howard recreated and realized the ideal of a devout and dignified Hebrew patriarch. This fact is the key to his whole character:—whatever was special, unmodern, in the life and conversation of the philanthropist, was—next to the natural impulse of his own genius—the result of meditation on the writings of the prophets and apostles; and whatever estimate may be formed of the character which he has left behind him in the world, it is certain that



it received its distinctive sign and impress from this admiration of the ancient kings and heroes of Israel.'—Pp. 87, 88.

Howard could not be idle. He had not yet learned to regard the world as his sphere ; but the same spirit which subsequently prompted his larger enterprises, now led him to seek the welfare of his poorer neighbours, and especially of his own tenantry. The genuineness of his philanthropy was thus shown. It is comparatively easy to be the philanthropist on a large scale. There is an air of romance thrown over such a career which is specially attractive to many minds. With the eyes of senators, nobles, and kings upon him, the most phlegmatic may be excited into action, and even the selfish be stimulated to something wearing the semblance of beneficence. But it was very different with Howard. He acted from within, not from without. The principles of his life were enthroned in the heart, and their impulse was genuine, and therefore continued. He never stopped to ask what others would think or say. It was enough that duty prompted. He heard her voice and at once rendered an unhesitating obedience. Hence arose much of the power of his example. At first he might be deemed Quixotic, a simple enthusiast, earnest, yet ill-judging. But the consistency of his benevolence won upon observers, and when, therefore, he devoted himself, in the quiet of Cardington, to the instruction of the ignorant, and the home comforts of his poor tenantry, some of his affluent associates were speedily stimulated to follow his example. His efforts were as prudent as they were kind. They were perfectly free from every form of Quixotism, and were infinitely remote from whatever was sickly and enfeebling. They were directed, as all true philanthropy must be, to promote habits of economy, forethought, and diligence, rather than to furnish the means of occasional indulgence. A sound judgment presided over all he did, and self-reliance, genuine manhood, and social comfort, followed in his wake. When Howard first went to reside at Cardington, he found it one of the most miserable villages which could have been pointed out on the map of England, but in the course of a very few years it became, according to the statement of his biographer, 'one of the most orderly and prosperous localities in the kingdom—the cottages of the poor were rendered neat, clean, and comfortable ; the poor themselves, honest, sober, industrious, well-informed, and religious.'

Such were his early labours, and such their result. His home was blessed by the presence of a lovely woman, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who entered with entire cordiality into all his schemes. His tenantry regarded him as a father, and his affluent neighbours had learned to respect his integrity, and some of

them had sought fellowship with him in his good deeds. In such circumstances Howard may well be excused if he began to imagine that he had discovered an Eden upon earth. But he was destined for other things. There was a world-mission before him. Cardington was not to engross his heart, and the ties which bound him to it were, therefore, speedily dissevered. Like other servants of the Most High, he was forced from his privacy and driven into his appointed sphere by the pressure of affliction. The wife whom he so passionately loved, died unexpectedly on the 31st of March, 1765, four days after the birth of her first and only child—the son whose early misconduct broke down the spirits, and embittered the latter days of his noble father. Mr. Dixon remarks:—

‘No tongue can tell, no pen describe the awful misery of the bereaved husband. The unforeseen blow struck out at one fell swoop his bright, illusive future. His soul was pierced with the burning rod; deeply and immedicably it went home. His affections thus rudely cut away, grew nevermore again. He had loved as men love only once. Henceforth his sunniest side of life was blank and dark. All his religion—and to Howard religion was everything that fortitude, philosophy, resignation, are to other men—was needed to support the crushing dispensation; but he bowed his head to the chastening rod of the Almighty, with the meekness of a Christian and the resignation of an oriental patriarch.’—Pp. 106, 107.

The day of her death was sacred to the sorrowing husband. He uniformly observed it as a day of fasting and meditation. Everything connected with her memory was hallowed, and many years after her decease, on the eve of one of his European journeys, being in his garden with his son, and coming to a particular walk in which his Henrietta had taken special pleasure, he suddenly stopped—the memories of the past crowded upon him—and, with a subdued and tender tone, he said, addressing his boy, ‘Jack, in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work, or not, as you may think proper; but remember, this walk was planted by your mother; and, if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you!’

For eighteen months Howard remained at Cardington, struggling with the solitariness of his condition, and seeking to school himself into submission. The effort was too much for his health, and change of air and scene was prescribed as absolutely needful. After visiting Bath and London he determined on an extended tour into Italy. We pass over the incidents of this journey, of which Mr. Dixon has collected some interesting memoranda. He returned to England at the close of 1770, and, after a time, resettled at Cardington. In 1773 he was nominated to the office

of sheriff of Bedford, and a critical case was thus submitted for his judgment. Howard was a Dissenter, and there was no compromise in his composition. He was not a man to evade the difficulties of his position by any mean compliances. The decision of conscience was supreme, and he would have gone to the stake rather than tamper with it.

‘At that period, it was the policy of the Government to exclude Dissenters from all offices of trust and honour in the State; while the state of the law was such as to render it perilous for a person not following the established ritual to accept an appointment even when offered. The Test Act was then in force. Howard—being an Independent—could not, of course, receive the Anglican sacrament, and go through the other formalities required on investiture with the magisterial office; and he had no choice between a refusal of the proffered trust, on conscientious grounds, or its acceptance without complying with the ordinary forms—thus braving a bad law, and taking the consequences at his personal peril. He adopted the latter course. It was a bold proceeding, for the penalties to which he rendered himself liable were monstrously severe.’—P. 136.

Howard entered office with the spirit of a martyr. ‘He would not disobey the voice of his country, when it called him to its councils, on account of a scruple as to a point of form; yet, as that point of form involved a question of conscience, he could not, and would not, submit to violate it. The only way, then, in which he could reconcile two such obvious, and yet conflicting, duties, was to sacrifice the legal form to the substantive thing—to obey at once his conscience and his country, and to take the consequences, whatever they might be. The expected evil did not follow. No one was found base enough to stand forth as the prosecutor of Howard—even though the law of the land sanctioned and tempted to the act.’ His acceptance of office, in the mode he adopted, was an important step in the progress of religious liberty. Its main interest, however, is drawn from the fact that it constituted the commencement of his prison-labours. The show and parade of official life had no charm for him, but his duties brought him into connexion with his appointed sphere, and his vocation speedily became obvious. The prison of Bedford had some illustrious associations, which could not but be potent over such a mind as Howard’s. For twelve weary years—when the bigotry of the Restoration was rampant—it had been the residence of Bunyan, one of the truest and most genuine men who ever lived. ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’—the noblest and most useful of human allegories—had been penned within its walls, and in the adjoining court the faithful spouse of the prisoner had pleaded his cause before an honest but powerless judge. These things could not fail to recur to Howard’s memory.



His piety would stimulate his imagination, and the partial brightness of the present be gratefully contrasted with the worse than Egyptian gloom of the past. He wisely resolved to discharge the duties of the hour, and his resolution was manfully kept. Mistrusting the reports of others, he personally inspected every portion of the prison. Not a cell was omitted, and the abuses which he brought to light determined the direction and character of his future course. In the introduction to his work on 'The State of Prisons,' he tells us:—

'The distress of prisoners, of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf, was the seeing some, who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*—some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to a trial—and some whose persecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol, and locked up again until they should pay *sundry fees* to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the *gaoler*, in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into several neighbouring counties in search of a precedent; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them; and looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity, which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate.'—P. 141.

The fees payable to gaolers constituted a terrible aggravation of the miseries of imprisonment. A debtor may have satisfied his creditors,—an accused party have been acquitted by a jury, but neither the one nor the other could recover his liberty until the cupidity of gaolers and of turnkeys had been satisfied. They whom the law had declared to be innocent, were in consequence incarcerated for years, their poverty being their only crime. Our criminal code was in fact, in many respects, diabolical. 'A man might be left to die of starvation or fever in a gaol for *not* being guilty of any crime; and he might be hanged for breaking a hop-band in a garden in Kent, or stealing an old coat of the value of five shillings in Middlesex. And this was in the age of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan, of Howard and Paley. Truly, it would seem that we have only just escaped from a state of semi-barbarism!'

No sooner was the evil ascertained than Howard proposed a remedy. His plan was to redeem the fees by payment of a fixed salary, but the proposition was met by the ominous inquiry, 'how was the salary to be raised?' There would be no difficulty in

replying to this inquiry now, but in 1773 it was different. It was nothing that disease, and vice, and death revelled in our prisons;—the right or the wrong, the mercy, or even the justice, of the existing system was disregarded. The only question with the official personages of that day respected the precedents of the case. Howard's scheme was an innovation, and the conservatives about him declined its adoption unless authority could be pleaded on its behalf. Happily he was not a man to be deterred from the right. He saw and felt the evil, and as nothing else would avail to effect its correction, he set forth in search of precedents. A more terrible revelation than that which awaited him cannot be imagined. The heart sickens at its disclosures. A few examples must suffice, in illustration.

At Cambridge, in addition to the fee to the gaoler, another was paid to the sheriff before a prisoner could obtain his discharge. At Northampton, the gaoler paid forty pounds a year for his situation, and the prisoners were not allowed even straw to lie on. At Leicester, debtors unable to pay for accommodation, were confined in a damp, dark, underground dungeon, which had only two small holes for the admission of light and air. 'Altogether the place was close and offensive; the court-yard was small; there was no chapel; and the governor had no salary, except what he could wring from his victims.' Gloucester castle was found to be in a horrible condition:—

'It had but one court for all prisoners—only one day-room for males and females. The debtors' ward had no windows, a part of the plaster wall being broken through to let in light. The night-room (or main) for men felons, though up a number of steps, was found to be close and dark; and the floor so ruinous that it could not be washed. The whole prison was greatly out of repair, while it had not been white-washed for years. Many persons had died in it the year preceding Howard's visit—a circumstance attributed to a fever engendered by a large dunghill which stood directly opposite to the stairs leading up to the sleeping-room. The keeper had no salary—the debtors no allowance of food! The first lived on extortion, the second on charity.'—Pp. 146.

In the episcopal city of Ely, some reforms had recently been effected, in consequence of a spirited exposure of the brutality practised. Unhappily, however, much remained to be accomplished before an approach to the requirements of humanity was accomplished. The keeper's salary was wrung from the prisoners; there was no chapel for religious worship, and no surgeon to attend the sick:—

'The building was ricketty and ruinous—totally unfit for the safe custody of criminals. Of this the wardens were well aware; but

instead of strengthening the walls and doors—which would have cost money and affected the episcopal coffers—they adopted the cheaper plan of chaining the prisoners on their backs to the floor, passing over them several bars of iron, and fastening an iron collar, covered with spikes, round their necks, as well as placing a heavy bar of the same metal over their legs, to prevent attempts to escape! Prisoners were confined in this inhuman manner because his reverence chose to allow his prison-house to fall into decay.—P. 150.

The Bishop of Ely—unlike most lay proprietors—did not deem it befitting to adopt any of the philanthropist's suggestions, and the crying evils of his prison-house continued in consequence unredressed. On Howard's last visit in 1782, he found that the debtors and felons 'had actually been placed together:—

'From Ely he proceeded to Norwich, where he found the cells built under ground, and the keeper paying forty pounds a year to the under-sheriff for his situation. The gaol delivery was but once a year; and the allowance for straw for the whole prison was only a guinea per annum. In the castle of this city—used as the county gaol of Norfolk—there was an under-ground dungeon for male felons, into which the inmate descended by a ladder, the floor of which was often one or two feet deep in water! However, some parts of the establishment met with the cordial approval of the inspector.'—P. 152.

Such is a sample of what Howard discovered in successive journeys undertaken at this time. His sphere was continually enlarged, from Bedford to the adjoining counties, then to such as were more remote, and subsequently to the continent, which he inspected from one extremity to the other. His labours speedily excited attention, and the subject having been introduced to the House of Commons by Mr. Popham, member for Taunton, Howard was cited to its bar, to give evidence on the case:—

'This examination, on a subject so novel, and at the same time so important, excited no small degree of public attention. Howard's answers to the various questions proposed to him were so clear, unreserved, and practical—his testimony against the manifold abuses of the penal system was so logical and conclusive—his evidence, amply supported by facts and illustrated from minute personal knowledge as to the unhealthiness of the majority of the prisons of this country, and his several suggestions for their improvement, were all so satisfactory to his auditors that, on the House resuming, the chairman, Sir Thomas Clavering, at the instance of the Committee, moved—"That John Howard, Esq., be called to the bar, and that Mr. Speaker do acquaint him that the House are very sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several gaols of this kingdom, and to communicate to the House the interesting observations which he has made upon that subject." He was accordingly called for, and in the name of the supreme Legislature of his country was thanked for his philanthropic exertions—an honour seldom accorded by that body to other



than the ministers of war and conquest. A circumstance, however, occurred during this very examination, which shows how little his sublime patriotism and philanthropy were appreciated at first—even in the highest assembly in the land. One of the members, surprised at the extent and minuteness of his inspections, requested to be informed at whose expense he travelled! “A question to which,” Dr. Aikin says, “he could hardly reply without expressing some indignant emotion.”—P. 156.

Immediately after his examination he recommenced his survey, in order to correct the information already obtained, and to enlarge it by the examination of other parts of the kingdom. The following report on the state of the Fleet Prison, in London, will scarcely be credited in our day—yet its accuracy is undoubted:—

‘The idle and dissolute part of the public was admitted, as into any other public-house, and, along with the prisoners, passed the day in playing at billiards, skittles, mississippi, fines, and other games—in drinking, chanting lewd and bacchanalian songs, and in various other debaucheries. Convivial parties made another feature of the establishment. On Monday evenings there was a wine club; on Thursday evenings a beer club held its weekly saturnalia. The orgies usually lasted till two or three in the morning, and on these occasions—openly connived at, because to the benefit of the tap—the riot and excess were beyond all bounds.’—P. 164.

A man of less decision would have been daunted by the magnitude of the evil, but Howard was a stranger to this feeling, and therefore persisted in his labours, assured that such enormities could not survive their exposure. His confidence was speedily justified. The information laid before the House of Commons gave rise to two bills, which in 1774 obtained the sanction of the legislature. One of these abolished the system of fees, which had been such a fruitful source of misery, and the other enforced various measures adapted to preserve the health of prisoners. In order that no time might be lost in rendering these laws operative, Howard printed them in large type at his own expense, and sent a copy to every warder and gaoler in the kingdom. Having despatched this business, he again set out on his sacred mission, ‘personally to overlook the enforcements of the Acts.’ In the latter half of 1774, he traversed fifteen counties, and examined minutely fifty prisons, the general features of which were precisely similar to those previously inspected. We can make room for one extract only, which relates to the room for felons in the Plymouth gaol:—

‘This diabolical dungeon was also dark and stifling—having neither air nor light, except such as could struggle through a wicket in the door, five inches by seven in dimensions. Yet Howard learned, with horror, that *three* men had been kept in this den, under a sentence of transportation, for nearly two months! They could neither see nor

breathe freely, nor could they stand upright. To keep alive at all, they were forced to crouch—each in his turn—at the wicket, to catch a few inspirations of air; otherwise they must have died of suffocation—for the door was rarely opened. When Howard saw it, the door had not been opened for five weeks—and yet it was inhabited! He caused the bolts to be shot and an entry made; but the indescribable stench which issued, would have driven back any less courageous visitor: he, however, forced his way in, and found there a pallid, miserable wretch, who had languished in that living grave for seventy mortal days, awaiting transportation. The prisoner declared to his questioner that he would prefer being executed at once, to being buried any longer in his loathsome dungeon—and no wonder. The rest of the gaol was in keeping with this specimen. With his usual chariness of words, Howard thus describes it:—“The whole is dirty, and has not been whitewashed for many years; no court; no water, no straw.”—P. 171.

His prison-labours were at this time threatened with interruption, by his being invited to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of Bedford in opposition to the corporation, which openly trafficked in the sale of the borough. The proposal came to him on his return from his western tour, and was an honourable testimonial to his public character. There was little time for deliberation, and he resolved at once to comply. ‘The thought which chiefly actuated him, was a desire to open up to Anglican Dissenters a path to public employments and parliamentary honours. As in the case of the shrievalty, there was a principle at stake—and Howard in the House of Commons, would have been, in respect to the law or fashion of exclusion, a wholesome example to the country at large.’ The contest was a severe and close one, but the corrupt influences of the corporation prevailed, and though on a scrutiny one of its candidates was rejected, Howard was finally in a minority of four. We do not regret this issue. Had the result been different, something would have been gained to the honesty of St. Stephen’s, but the loss to humanity would have been irreparable. As member for a provincial town, undistinguished by family connexions, or oratorical power, Howard could have done comparatively little. What was within his power he would have accomplished, but his special vocation must have been abandoned, and the world probably would yet have failed, to know the secrets of many prison-houses which were sealed to all eyes save his. Instead, therefore, of regretting his defeat at Bedford, we regard it as having been indispensable to the vigorous prosecution of his work. We rejoice that he bore his testimony against the prejudices and self-indulgence which prevent some Christian men from meeting the calls of the public mind; but, having proved his integrity and intelligence in this matter, we are thankful that he was not diverted from his noble calling by senatorial duties.

It had been his intention, on returning from a journey into Ireland and Scotland, to arrange his papers for publication, and this course he would probably have taken had he been seated for Bedford. As the result, however, was different, he resolved henceforth to adhere to his own path, and 'to devote his time, his talents, and his fortune, to a more thorough and systematic inquiry into the gaol system, at home and abroad.' With this view, he quitted England for France, Germany, and Holland, in April 1775, and made Paris his first halting place. The political prisons of that city, and especially the Bastille, were closed inexorably against him; nor could he obtain admission into the civil prisons until he discovered an old law, directing all gaolers to admit persons who were desirous of bestowing a donation on the prisoners. Howard promptly availed himself of this obsolete statute, and though at first its authority was challenged, he succeeded, ultimately, in establishing his right of entry. From the Bastille, however, he was rigidly excluded, though the influence of the English ambassador was employed on his behalf. But he was not a man to forego his purpose; and the horrors of this prison—the charnel-house where French despotism rioted—rendered still more intense his desire to penetrate its mysteries. Failing to obtain a legal entry, he lingered around the building for some time, and at length ventured on what can scarcely be deemed other than rash:—

'Unsatisfied at leaving Paris without a glimpse of this dark world, he one day presented himself at the outer gate, at the end of the Rue St. Antoine,—rang the bell loudly—and, on its being opened by the officer in charge, boldly stepped in—passed the sentry—walked coolly through a file of guards who were on duty—and advanced as far as he could, that is, up to the great drawbridge in the inner court. While standing there, contemplating the dismal structure, an officer ran up to him, greatly surprised and agitated at the unusual apparition of a stranger in that place,—and, as his manner appeared portentous and suspicious, the philanthropist thought it prudent to retreat on the instant,—which he did, repassing the guard, who were mute with astonishment at his strange temerity, and thus regained the freedom which few ever saw again after having once crossed that fatal threshold. That this adventure was eminently dangerous, a less simple-minded man would have comprehended much more fully; and to those who are really aware of the peril, it is a matter of profound satisfaction that the philanthropist, at the outset of his great career, so nearly escaped being added to the list of the Bastille's illustrious victims. Had the gate closed upon his intrusive footsteps, his career would have been much shortened; he would probably soon have died in its secret dungeons; his freedom-loving spirit would soon have worn itself away against the bars of its iron cages; and a nation's pride would have been buried under a menial's name,—as was always the custom with the Bastille's illustrious victims.'—P. 191.



Prevented from personally inspecting this prison, he procured, with great difficulty, a copy of a proscribed pamphlet, printed by one who had been incarcerated in the Bastille for several years, and having translated it into English, he published it under the sanction of his name, and thus gave it an European circulation. The French Government never forgave this exposure of their misdeeds, and their resentment sometimes threatened to be fatal to Howard. 'On the whole, however, our countryman saw much to admire in French prisons when compared with those of England. The correctional science of France was then certainly far in advance of ours. The prisons were generally clean and fresh; they had no gaol-distemper—no prisoners ironed. The allowance of food was ample and regularly delivered.'

From Paris, Howard bent his course through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp, to Holland, at that time far in advance of the rest of Europe in all that related to penal science. Amsterdam then contained about 250,000 inhabitants, and the proportion of executions, compared with that of London (full allowance being made for the greater population of the latter), was only one to ten. From this disparity it would be inferred, by the advocates of death-punishment, that the growth of crime must have been more marked in the Dutch city than in the English; but it was far otherwise. Howard found only six delinquents in the gaols, and only eighteen debtors. We commend this fact to the Home Secretary and his disciples. From Holland the philanthropist past into Germany, and reporting on the principal prison of Hanover, he indignantly observes:—

“The execrable practice of torturing prisoners is here used, in a cellar, where the horrid engine is kept. The time for it is, as in other countries, about two o'clock in the morning. A criminal suffered the Osnaburgh torture *twice* about two years ago; the last time, at putting to him the third question—the executioner having torn off the hair from his head, breast, &c.—he confessed, and was executed.” This was in 1774, in the hereditary domain of the paternal prince whose tyranny drove the Americans into rebellion the self-same year.—P. 199.

The private virtues of George III.—using this term in a conventional and low sense—have rendered us insensible to the atrocities of his reign. It was, in fact, one of the most disgraceful periods of our history, and will be considered so in future years, when a more enlightened and humane spirit presides over our legislation. The sanguinary laws which, until recently, disgraced our statute-book, date only from about the middle of the eighteenth century, and were inexorably enforced by this monarch. On ascending the English throne—though young in

years, and unhardened by the commerce of life—he is said to have expressed a resolution never to exercise the prerogative of mercy, which the constitution vested in the crown. A fearful waste of human life ensued. Tyburn had its weekly victims, and the vicious classes of the community were brutalized by exhibitions which the more enlightened statesmanship of our day is learning to reprobate. During the twenty-three years, 1749—1771 inclusive, 678 persons were executed in London only, and yet crime continued to increase, so inoperative was severity of punishment for its suppression.

On his return to England, Howard began seriously to prepare for the publication of his great work. He had now collected such a mass of materials that any other man would have deemed himself well qualified for the task; but his scrupulousness was extreme, and he therefore determined on further research. From the beginning of November 1775 to the end of May 1776, he devoted himself to a reinspection of English prisons, and then hastened to the continent to acquaint himself with the penal system of some countries not yet visited. At the close of this journey, he seriously addressed himself to the preparation of his treatise, and, if ever a man was well qualified for such an undertaking, that man was Howard. He had been employed, without intermission, for upwards of three years, and had travelled more than 13,000 miles in search of information. The celebrated work on ‘The State of Prisons,’ was at length published in 1777, and it constituted an epoch from which philanthropists of all coming times will date:—

‘Expectation was generally and highly raised; nor, on the publication of the work, was it at all disappointed. The critical reviews of the day received it with great favour, and welcomed it with that most flattering of all receptions from such authorities—an ample share of notice, comment, and criticism. One and all, they bore the highest testimony to its author’s commanding merits. The reading world—it was rather a limited one then compared with what it is now—appears also to have perused its contents with universal satisfaction and admiration. The meed of praise, of acknowledgment, was without stint or reservation—was free and full, as it was richly merited. It is pleasant to chronicle such facts. Services to the world are not always so recognised and honoured. Neglect is too often the portion of the apostle of new ideas or new sentiments. But the greatness and novelty of Howard’s ministry overcame in his case the common tendency to ignore high service. In no period, it is probable, could such private heroism, such generous self-sacrifice, such distinguished public services, have failed to extort the applause and gratitude of mankind.’—P. 224.

Considering the infirm state of his health it is matter of surprise that he was able to endure so much fatigue, and escaped

uninjured from so many fever-haunted dungeons. The believer in a superintending providence may well recognise the interposition of Divine beneficence in his safety, and his own faith in this providence—while obviously distinguished from presumption—encourages the idea. His sense of duty, and calm feeling in its discharge, no doubt contributed greatly to his preservation, which was also promoted by his personal habits. ‘Howard ate no flesh—drank no wine nor spirits—bathed in cold water daily—ate little, and that at fixed intervals—retired to bed early—rose early.’

‘The question of how he preserved himself free from contagion being often pressed upon him, he replied—and his words are eminently note-worthy,—“Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, Temperance and Cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed, ‘I fear no evil.’” And in this belief and fearlessness of ill, he passed all perils—like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego of old through the fiery furnace of the Persian king—without a hair of his head being injured. In all ages of the world such has been the defensive armour of heroes and martyrs—such the inspiration and the impulse of all great thoughts and holy deeds!’—P. 245.

We shall not attempt to sketch the various journeys which he subsequently took. His whole life was devoted to his mission, with such rare intervals as scarcely sufficed for the renewal of his strength. In 1779 he occupied from January to the end of November in an inspection of most of the leading prisons of the kingdom, visiting nearly every county in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and travelling, to and fro, 6,990 miles. In the meantime his fellow-labourers were not idle. An act (19 George III. c. 74) was obtained for building two penitentiary houses, and he was named by the Government first supervisor of the undertaking. He was strongly disinclined to accept the appointment, but yielded at last to the entreaties of friends. He did not, however, long retain the post, as he found it incompatible with his mission, and fraught with all the perplexities of official life. The men with whom it brought him into association were wholly destitute of his spirit, and he had no time or energy to spare for their squabbles. The wisdom of his decision was shown in the fact, that on his retirement the scheme fell to the ground. He immediately hastened to the continent, and visited, amongst various kingdoms, Denmark and Sweden.

‘In the course of his researches at Stockholm, Howard discovered one of those practical falsehoods which his experience had taught him to believe not uncommon, and against which he warns all who may tread in his own footsteps. Gustavus III., the reigning king of Sweden,



following the general example of enlightened Europe, had decreed the abolition of *torture* throughout his states,—and the dark and terrible dungeon which had been used for this purpose in one of the prisons of the capital, had been ordered to be built up. This was reported to have been done, and when our countryman visited the prison and asked to see the cell, he was also told that it was built up. Having learned, however, to distrust anything less than ocular evidence in such matters, he demanded to be shown it. The gaoler, thus pressed to an extremity, was at length forced to confess that it was still open!

‘The prisons of Stockholm generally exhibited the vices most common in English gaols—much more so than any others on the continent—which is about the severest thing that can be said of them:—namely, idleness, drunkenness, and uncleanness on the part of the inmates; filth, insecurity, closeness, dampness and darkness on the side of the gaol.’—P. 297.

From Sweden he proceeded to Russia, where the iron rule of Catherine was then dominant. Howard’s reputation had now spread so widely, ‘that his visits became in some sort recognised in an extra-official manner by monarchs and governments.’ His movements were in consequence much more public than he desired, and he found increasing difficulty in seeing things as they really were. On the report of his approach the prisons were put in order for his inspection, and their worst features were sought to be concealed from his notice. Against this source of error he adopted all possible precautions, but too many were interested in misleading him, to allow the supposition of his having been uniformly successful. To avoid recognition at St. Petersburg he entered the city alone and on foot, but had no sooner taken up his abode at an hotel than he received an invitation from the Empress to appear at court. Howard replied with his characteristic firmness that he had devoted himself to visit the abodes of the wretched and the dungeons of the captive, and that as his stay at St. Petersburg would be but brief, he must respectfully decline the invitation of her Majesty. The parasites of a court—the worshippers of form—were doubtless astonished at his refusal, and were at a loss, probably, for terms to express their sense of his folly, impertinence, pride, or whatever else they might be pleased to term it. But Howard judged by a different rule, and his single-mindedness is above all praise. Let those who censure the philanthropist, prove their own title to a small fraction of the praise which civilized humanity awards to him. He might well despise their censure when reflecting on the hearts that were made glad by his angelic ministrations. The abolition of capital punishments in Russia, save for high treason, was at this time a theme of much boasting. Howard doubted the fact, and, though much pains was taken to mislead him, he ingeniously contrived to ascertain the truth. The knout

and the cat were represented as the sole instruments of punishment, and he soon had reason to suspect that the former 'was in reality the Russian gallows,' inflicting death under pretence of a mere whipping. To determine the fact he resolved on witnessing the punishment of the knout. It was a horrible spectacle, and occurred August 10th, 1781. The culprits were a man and a woman, and Howard closes his account of the scene by telling us, 'Both seemed but just alive, especially the man, who had yet strength enough to receive a small donation with some signs of gratitude. They were conducted back to prison in a little wagon. I saw the *woman* in a very weak condition some days after, *but could not find the man any more!*' This suspicious circumstance would have sufficed with most inquirers, but Howard resolved to obtain yet more certain information, and having ascertained the address of the executioner, he repaired to his dwelling.

'The poor fellow was alarmed at seeing a person having the appearance of a noble and an official enter his humble dwelling; domiciliary visits from the authorities of St. Petersburg rarely boding good to the host. Howard had calculated upon the man being surprised and thrown off his guard, and now endeavoured to increase his confusion by his air, tone and bearing. The fellow probably remembered seeing him within the lines on the occasion just described, and of course supposed him to be a person in authority. Howard expected this. Assuming therefore an official tone, he desired the man to answer the questions put to him simply, and without equivocation; adding, that if his replies were found conformable to truth he had nothing to fear. The executioner meekly declared his readiness to answer any questions that should be put to him. "Can you inflict the knout in such a manner as to occasion death in a very short time?" "Yes, I can," was the prompt reply. "In how short a time?" continued Howard. "In a day or two." "Have you ever so inflicted it?" "I have." "Have you lately?" asked our countryman, going to the point he was very anxious to be satisfied of. "Yes, the last man who was punished by my hands with the knout died of the punishment." Even so! no wonder that the philanthropist had not been able to find him. "In what manner do you thus render it mortal?" "By one or two strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh."—Hum! "Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?" "I do." This was the substance of the extraordinary catechism:—and thus were Howard's doubts resolved.'—P. 303.

With the publication of the last additions to his great work, the prison labours of Howard appeared to have attained their natural limit. Thirty years had now elapsed since his own imprisonment in France, and twelve had passed since he commenced his labours at Bedford. During this latter period he had visited every country in Europe, with the exception of Turkey; had

minutely inspected all their principal gaols; had travelled more than 42,000 miles, and had expended upwards of £30,000. After such prodigious labours he retired to Cardington in the spring of 1784, and at first, probably, he contemplated remaining there. It was impossible, however, for such a man to be idle. Action was the law of his nature, and though much had been accomplished, there remained in the long catalogue of human miseries, much more to be effected. His own journeyings had brought him into contact with the plague, and he had seen how the dread of this awful scourge had closed against him the ports both of Europe and of Africa. The terrible voyage in which his frail Italian bark had been driven alternately from shore to shore recurred to his memory, and kept his thoughts busy with the scheme of a crusade against the plague. He collected information respecting it, and, in November 1785, set out, *this time alone*, to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the malady, and the most successful mode of treating it. Knowing the danger incurred, he would not take even his servant with him. His own life he was prepared to risk, but he would not hazard that of others. 'Mind of man,' says Mr. Dixon, with genuine eloquence, 'cannot conceive a sublimer spectacle than is afforded by the apostle thus going forth voluntarily to encounter perils from which other men are so eager to flee; for the good of strangers, to confront that deadly pest in its chosen seats, and at the imminent risk of his own life, win, if possible, the important secrets of its causes, mode of propagation, and remedy.'

Howard's plan was to repair, in the first instance, to Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Valletta, and other cities, where precautions had been adopted against the plague, and having obtained plans of their quarantine establishments, and collected information respecting the nature and treatment of the pest, to proceed to Smyrna and Constantinople, where it was endemic. By this means he hoped to obtain 'such a knowledge of it as might enable him to suggest measures that would render the rapidly increasing intercourse of his countrymen with the Levantine cities less perilous to the health and safety of Western Europe.' The quarantine establishment of Marseilles was, at this time, the most celebrated in Europe, and it was, therefore, of the utmost importance to Howard's mission that he should minutely examine it. The French Government, however—it was before the revolution—nourished a bitter resentment against him, on account of his exposure of the atrocities of the Bastille, and took this inglorious opportunity of wreaking their vengeance. To the application of our Foreign Secretary, Lord Carmarthen, a positive refusal was returned, and Howard was peremptorily prohibited from entering France. He was at this time in Holland,



waiting a communication from his lordship, and was, at first, much embarrassed by the reply received. Marseilles was the chief point of his inquiry, and to have overlooked it would have been fatal to his scheme. Of the difficulty thus raised, it is needless to speak. Europe has pronounced judgment upon it which no time or circumstance will alter. It was worthy of the government which preceded the revolution, and may serve to indicate the mean resentment and brutal heartlessness which explain the atrocities that so speedily followed. To abandon his noble project, or to traverse France in disguise, were the alternatives now presented, and, of the two, Howard embraced the latter. He knew well the dangers to be encountered, but these were light in his esteem compared with the good he sought. What followed must be told by Mr. Dixon :—

‘Returning to the Hague, he procured a disguise, and then made the best of his way by a rapid journey to Brussels, where he took a place in the diligence for Paris. It was a dark wintry night when he arrived in the capital of France, and so far favourable to his incognito. On reaching it, his first step was to carry his small trunk to an obscure inn, where he hired a bed, and paid his bill. A diligence started from a neighbouring street early in the morning for Lyons, and having taken his place in this conveyance, he retired to rest, flattering himself that he had completely baffled the ingenuity of the police. Fatigued with travelling two whole days and nights, he was soon buried in a profound slumber. But he was not left to enjoy it long. An hour or two had hardly elapsed when he was suddenly aroused with a tremendous knocking at his bedroom door, quickly followed by a threat of breaking in if it were not opened. He was well aware that an unpleasant visit was within the range of chance, and he was therefore more alarmed than annoyed at the disturbant of his rest. The mischief, however, was now inevitable, and he resolved to meet it as became himself. He got up, unfastened the bolts, bade them come in if they wished, and then coolly returned to bed. The *femme de chambre*, with a lighted candle in each hand, entered, followed by a tall fellow in black, with a sword dangling at his side and his hands enveloped in a huge muff. Howard at once recognised an agent of the prefecture, and waited in silence for his interrogatories. The midnight visitor first asked if his name was Howard; to which the reply was promptly given—“Yes; what of that?” The other took no notice of the retorted question, but continued his own by asking if he had come from Brussels in the diligence, with a man in a black wig. Howard answered sharply to the effect that he had come to Paris in the Brussels diligence, but as to the black wig, he neither knew nor cared anything about it. The man appeared to be satisfied with this information, and, without saying another word, withdrew.’—Pp. 333.

Our countryman knew enough of France to anticipate what would follow. He, therefore, instantly decamped from his

lodgings, and before daybreak was journeying—not towards England or Holland, as the timid or the prudent may suppose—but towards Marseilles, which he was resolved, at all hazards, to inspect. His position had in fact been far more critical than he supposed. Aware of his indomitable resolution, the French Government expected that he would disregard their prohibition, and had, therefore, sent instructions to their ambassador at the Hague to watch his movements. He was consequently accompanied to Paris by a spy, the ‘man in a black wig,’ and his immediate arrest was only prevented by an accident. Arrived at Marseilles he repaired to the house of his friend, M. Durand, who, aware that the police were in search of him, earnestly advised his instantly leaving France.

‘But his visitor had not traversed the whole length of France, and run such imminent risks, to be frightened from his purpose at last. Captured, or not captured, he was resolved to remain in Marseilles until he had achieved his end. His inflexible will overcame all contrary counsels; the services of his trusty friends were put into commission, and, with great tact, he got into the Lazaretto—though even natives were strictly prohibited such a favour—obtained plans and drawings of it, and a minute account of the practical working of its every department, all of which may be seen in his work on the lazarettos of Europe.’—P. 337.

Having accomplished his object, he effected his escape with great difficulty, and repaired to Nice, Geneva, Leghorn, and Rome. The unfortunate Pius VI. was at that time Pope, and urgently requested an interview with our countryman. Howard accepted the invitation, on condition that the usual ceremonies should be dispensed with, and nearer acquaintance more profoundly impressed the philanthropist and the pontiff with mutual respect. ‘At parting the pious pontiff laid his hand upon the head of the distinguished heretic, saying good-humouredly, “I know you Englishmen care nothing for these things; but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.” A truly noble and catholic sentiment, which his visitor was too large-minded not to accept in a becoming spirit.’

From Rome, Howard proceeded to Naples and Malta, and having at length fulfilled the first part of his mission, he set sail for the veritable cities of the plague. He arrived at Smyrna in the spring of 1786, where he visited the prisons and hospitals, without fear, and, as it happily proved, without danger. For a time he was courted by all classes, but a specially fatal form of the plague having broken out, the more prudent shrank from the company of a man ‘who daringly intruded into the dwellings of the stricken, the dying, and the dead.’ At Constantinople, whither he next repaired, the plague was at the time raging with

violence. It presented, in consequence, the very sphere which Howard sought, and he remained there a month, visiting its pest-houses, prisons, and hospitals. The British ambassador, Sir Robert Ainslie, kindly invited the philanthropist to take up his residence with him. This invitation Howard declined from an unwillingness to subject others to the dangers of infection, and fixed his dwelling with an intelligent and experienced physician, with whom he might communicate on the results of his daily investigations.

‘On commencing his visits, however, the scenes of horror which he witnessed, and the awful dangers into which he ran, still compelled him to keep the more perilous of his visits secret. For himself, he seemed as if conscious that he bore a charmed life. He sometimes saw the smitten fall dead at his side. He penetrated into pest-houses and infected caravansaries whither physician, guide, and dragoman, alike refused to follow. From these fearful visits he always returned with that scorching pain across the temples, which he had first experienced in the Lazaretto of Malta—though an hour’s fresh air and exercise invariably carried it away.’—P. 349.

On the completion of his labours at Constantinople, Howard formed one of the most marvellous resolutions which ever entered into the human mind. He had intended to return by way of Vienna, but on reviewing the information he had obtained, it occurred to him that his knowledge of the lazaretto was only second-hand, and that much had probably yet to be learnt which would be of great importance in the erection of a quarantine establishment in England. Our readers will scarcely credit what followed. It requires something of Howard’s spirit to admit the possibility of it. Nothing short of the clearest evidence could certify the fact. It was so far above the level of human benevolence, even in its sublimest form, that incredulity may well be excused.

‘This step,’ says Mr. Dixon, ‘was perhaps the boldest—all things considered—which had ever entered into the heart of man to conceive for a purely philanthropic purpose, and threw even his own previous adventures into the shade; he deliberately went back to Smyrna, where the plague was raging, to go by an infected vessel to the Adriatic, with a foul bill of health, in order that he might be personally subjected to the strictest quarantine, and thus become acquainted with the minutest details of a lazaretto! This unparalleled devotion has been deemed quixotic; it was so; it was indeed one of the sublimest pieces of quixotism in the world’s history. Perhaps not more than once has such a sacrifice of self been seen—and then it was made by One who knew nothing of humanity save its virtues.’—P. 353.

For the details of his voyage, first to Salonica, and afterwards from Smyrna to Venice, we must refer to Mr. Dixon’s volume. The second voyage lasted sixty days, at the expiration



of which, commenced his personal martyrdom. On his arrival at Venice he 'was placed in rigorous quarantine for forty days; of the daily experience of which he has left a minute and interesting record. Being in the worst class of the suspected, the miseries, privations, and perils of the confinement were far beyond expectation.'

His sufferings were greatly embittered by the intelligence he received from England of the misconduct of his son, and of a design which was afloat of raising a statue to his honour. The former went far to break down his spirits, and the latter deeply wounded his genuine and sensitive modesty. His letters during his confinement betray in consequence a depression which he had never previously experienced. 'The iron had entered deeply into his soul, and his sufferings were intense. . . . He acknowledged that the contents of these despatches were almost beyond his strength, and put his fortitude to the severest trial.' Had he been at liberty he would have repaired instantly to England, but he was a prisoner for forty days, and on his release he was too debilitated to travel, and was moreover ill of a strong intermittent fever. He at length reached England in February, 1787, and was agonized by finding his son a raving maniac. Our space will not permit our entering into the circumstances of this mournful history. It is enough to say—and with this we dismiss the topic—that Howard's memory is fully cleared from the aspersions which a few envious detractors have dared to cast on his unsullied virtue. Having made arrangements for his unhappy son, and compelled the abandonment of the well-intentioned, but misjudged, scheme of his friends, Howard sought relief from his sorrow by a reinspection of all the gaols of the British islands, which occupied him, with scarcely an hour's intermission, upwards of eighteen months. At the close of this period, he resolved on again visiting Russia and Turkey, and on extending his tour into the East. He would probably have done so had his home been happy, but his domestic miseries now furnished an additional inducement. His best solace was found in the vigorous prosecution of his work, and he therefore prepared for his final journey. His intention had been announced in his treatise on the 'Lazarettos of Europe,' in which, with almost prophetic foresight of the issue, he had deprecated uncandid censures. 'Should it please God,' remarked the aged moral hero, 'to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of *duty*; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures, than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life.'

He quitted England—to return no more—on the 5th of July, 1789, and proceeded through Germany and Prussia, to Russia. From Moscow, he wrote to his friend Dr. Price, on the 22nd of September, telling him, ‘My medical acquaintance give me but little hope of escaping the plague in Turkey; but my spirits do not fail me; and, indeed, I do not look back, but would readily endure any hardships, and encounter any dangers, to be an honour to my Christian profession.’ Proceeding down the Dneiper to Cherson, he found the city crowded with rank and fashion, amongst whom a virulent and infectious fever broke out. Howard’s medical skill was entreated on behalf of a young lady, and his attendance on her proved fatal to himself. For a day or two he was unconscious of his danger, but the rapid progress of the malady soon convinced him that his end was near. ‘May I not look on present difficulties,’ he wrote during one of his intervals from pain, ‘or think of future ones in this world, as I am only a pilgrim and wayfaring man, that tarries but a night. This is not my home; but may I think what God has done for me, and rely on his power and grace—for his promise, his mercy endureth for ever.’ A short time before his death he was visited by Admiral Priestman, an intimate friend, in the service of Catherine.

‘He found Howard sitting at a small stove in his bed-room—the winter was excessively severe—and very weak and low. The admiral thought him merely labouring under a temporary depression of spirits, and by lively, rattling conversation, endeavoured to rouse him from his torpidity. But Howard was fully conscious that death was nigh. He knew now that he was *not* to die in Egypt; and, in spite of his friend’s cheerfulness, his mind still reverted to the solemn thought of his approaching end. Priestman told him not to give way to such gloomy fancies, and they would soon leave him. “Priestman,” said Howard, in his mild and serious voice, “you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other.”’—P. 398.

His tranquillity was undisturbed to the last, and his death, which happened on the 20th of January, 1790, fifteen hundred miles from his native land, only served to show the rectitude of his character, and the universal esteem in which he was held. Never, perhaps, had mortal man such funeral honours. Every one felt that his best friend was gone. Cherson went into deep mourning; and notwithstanding his strict injunction, the enthusiasm of the people prompted at the instant a public funeral. ‘The Prince of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinoff,

all the generals and staff officers of the garrison, the whole body of the magistrates and merchants of the province, and a large party of cavalry, accompanied by an immense cavalcade of private persons, formed the funeral procession. Nor was the grief by any means confined to the higher orders. In the wake of the more stately band of mourners, followed on foot a concourse of at least three thousand persons—slaves, prisoners, sailors, soldiers, peasants—men whose best and most devoted friend the hero of these martial honours had ever been; and from this after humbler train of followers, arose the truest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead.’

We have left ourselves no space for the reflections which crowd upon us. The incidents of such a life are too suggestive to be reviewed without emotion, and the lesson they inculcate is of the gravest, yet most cheerful character. We must content ourselves with strongly recommending the study of this biography, and repeat our cordial thanks to Mr. Dixon for his most acceptable and pains-taking volume.

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ART. III.—*The Number and Names of the Apocalyptic Beasts; with an Explanation and Application.* In Two Parts. Part I. The Number and Names. By David Thom, Ph. D. A.M. Heidelberg. 8vo. London: H. K. Lewis. 1848.

HAD this volume appeared without the name of its author, we should have felt strongly inclined to regard it as an over-laboured and heavy burlesque, intended to ridicule the rash speculations and absurd conjectures of the numerous writers, learned and unlearned, who have exercised their ingenuity in deciphering the symbolic predictions of the Apocalypse. A suspicion of this kind might naturally be awakened on taking up a volume of four hundred pages, devoted entirely to the single topic of the name and number of the beast; and this impression would be confirmed on finding that the greater part of the volume is occupied with an enumeration of the ‘thousand and one hypotheses which have been hazarded upon this subject,’ in which we have, as the author remarks, ‘instances innumerable of the truth of the adage,—

‘As the fool thinks,  
So the bell clinks.’



Still more would the author's announcement of his own discovery, as one which not only throws light on the structure, contents, and objects of the Apocalypse, viewed as a whole, but, moreover, 'opens up *an entirely new principle of biblical interpretation*,' tend to confirm the suspicion that the volume was a literary hoax. And this conclusion might seem to be fully justified on meeting with the strange statement, that 'the application of the discovery so important in its nature and consequences, must not be looked for' in the compass of these four hundred pages, being reserved for the second part!—that is, for a part of the author's work which may never be written, or, if written, may never be published. It is not till the very close of the volume, that the grand discovery itself, 'the true name,' is disclosed, upon which, in the mean time, the reader is left to indulge his speculations.

'Let the man who questions the truth of mine, and yet feels indisposed or unable to refute it, take his choice out of those which I here set before him, or invent one of his own. Then comes the rub. Will his abide the strict and inexorable scrutiny of the word of God? Will his be found to comply with every requirement, and to satisfy every condition of the Holy Spirit? Let him try.

'The solution given at the end of the volume, shuns no investigation. On the contrary, it quietly and calmly, but firmly, unhesitatingly, and certainly, proposes itself as excluding the possibility of finding a better. It challenges acceptance. Instead of coming in the attitude of a probable conjecture—instead of supplicating, on bended knees, and in the guise of an humble suitor, that the shafts of criticism may be spared—it sets all opposition, from whatever quarter, at defiance. It is true, and it claims to be acquiesced in as what it is.'—Pp. 55, 56.

This is language so completely out of character in treating of such a subject, and so far outruns satire itself in the lofty tone of dogmatism which is assumed, that, when the reader comes to the solution, and finds that the name of the first Beast has been discovered in *ἡ φρὴν*, the mind, and that 'the second Beast is, *ἐκκλησία σάρκικαι*, fleshly churches,'—the number of both being the same,—scarcely a doubt might remain, that the author had been passing off upon him a very dull and somewhat profane joke.

Of course, we attribute nothing of the kind to Dr. Thom. We have said that, had not the author's name illustrated the title-page, such a supposition would have occurred to us; and it would have been better supported by internal evidence, than any of the hypotheses respecting the name and number of the Beast. It would also have seemed to possess the strongest recommendation of an hypothesis, in solving all the perplexities of the case. We are acquainted with individuals of a somewhat sceptical and

waggish turn of a mind, who would have been very capable of producing this volume as an experiment upon the credulity of apocalyptic students; only, that more wit would then, probably, have slyly mingled with the affected solemnity of the discussion, and have afforded some glimpse of the jesuitical purpose. Dr. Thom's volume is quite free from levity or wit. His application of the old adage respecting the language of bells, is almost the only joke in the volume. We acquit him at once of any intention to turn into ridicule either the study of prophecy or the Apocalypse itself. But hence arises our difficulty in dealing with his volume. It is his seeming earnestness, and the inordinate importance which he attaches to his imaginary discovery, that constitute the problem of his book. That the author may not imagine that we are wedded to any of the cabalistic theories which he has assailed, we beg to say, that we agree with him in deeming every solution that has hitherto been proposed by ancient or modern writers, from Irenæus down to Rabett, altogether most unsatisfactory. We have never been able to see how the title of 'The Latin Man' corresponds to 'the name of blasphemy' upon the heads of the Beast; or, how it applies, as a prophetic designation, to either the German Cæsar or the Roman Pontiff. We cannot, therefore, suppose this to be the name which all were compelled to receive, as a mark of subjection, in their right-hand or on their forehead. The very circumstance that 'Lateinos' should have been deemed admissible by so many respectable expositors (including Mr. Elliott himself), affords a strong presumption that no other plausible solution has hitherto been suggested; for it can only be for this reason, and, if we may be allowed the expression, as a *pis-aller*, that this ancient expression has found favour with men of sober minds. Dr. Thom has proposed to us an alternative, with which, however, we must decline to comply. We cannot take our choice out of the solutions which he has set before his readers, nor do we feel called upon to invent one of our own. The *phrenetic* solution which closes the long catalogue of whimsical and ridiculous conjectures, we would fain hope, will remain as the climax and *ne plus ultra* of arbitrary and unmeaning conjectures, till the time shall come when the true import of the enigma will no longer be a question; for this will assuredly be the case, whenever the discovery is made. An expositor is, we think, scarcely justified in proposing a merely plausible solution. It seems dishonouring the inspired communication, to imagine that the true explanation can be of a doubtful or simply probable character.

As a literary curiosity, Dr. Thom's catalogue of the numerous words in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, in which the sum of 666 has been detected, may afford some amusement to the reader.

This compilation has evidently cost him considerable labour and research, and it constitutes the value of his book. It is truly painful to contemplate the wretched child's-play in which grave theologians and learned men have indulged upon this theme. The following are among the more ancient conjectures: Evan-  
thas, Lateinos, Teitan, Arnoume ('thou hast denied me'), Lampetis, Antemos, Gensenikos, Benediktos, Bonifacius (ill-spelt in Greek), Mahomet. To these, modern ingenuity and folly have added, Diocles Augustus, Dux Cleri, Apostates, Vicarius Filii Dei, ἡ Λατίνη βασιλεία, Ἰταλικά ἐκκλησία, Euporia ('wealth'), and the tortured names of Luther, Lewis, and Napoleon Bonaparte. It is impossible to discover any trace of the required 'wisdom' or 'understanding' in any of these attempts at counting the number of the Beast. The greater part of them have no discernible connexion with the subject of the prediction. One inference which they suggest is, that, as so many names are found to contain, in the numerical value of the letters, the mystic sum, something further is denoted by the number of the name, than simply that it will be found, in common with other words, to comprise that number, since this would be scarcely sufficiently distinguishing; it is therefore no improbable conjecture, that the number may also have a chronological import, whatever value may attach to the computations of Lowman and others, based upon this principle. At the same time, it cannot be satisfactorily explained as simply pointing to a date, since any such explanation must be arbitrary and uncertain, unless the date can be shown to be expressed by a real name: the proof of the solution must be supplied by the combination.

One might have supposed that it would have been deemed, by common consent, a pre-requisite for attempting the solution of this enigmatic prediction, that the individual should have attained to an understanding of the import of the prophecy in connexion with which it occurs. Dr. Thom, however, avows his inability to understand the Apocalypse, and his confident persuasion that nobody else can understand it. The account which he gives of the mode in which he has arrived at this negation of his former belief, may throw some light upon the case:—

'In the early part of my theological career, I had read, as well as thought, a good deal on the subject of that wondrous production. I even fancied, at one time, that I had attained to some acquaintance with its contents. Its seals, its trumpets, and its vials, its machinery in general, I had interpreted as many had done before me. European convulsions, the overturn of the Roman empire, the rise and progress of the Papacy, the astonishing success of the Mahommedan imposture, and many other things of a similar kind, familiar to Protestants whose attention has been directed toward such topics, were believed by me—



with such faith as man's mind is able and accustomed to yield—to constitute the staple of what the Holy Ghost had, in the Apocalypse, seen meet to reveal. But a change had come “o'er the spirit of my dream.” Circumstances to which it is unnecessary in this place more fully to allude, and investigations and discoveries connected with these, had, as early as 1827, begun to abate my confidence in what Apocalyptic commentators had said. The more I examined, and the more I compared one hypothesis on the subject with another, the more was this confidence lessened. Truths opened up to me from other portions of Scripture, at last succeeded in subverting and destroying it altogether. *I saw through the whole host of interpreters.* The Medes, the Mores, the Potters, the Durhams, the Flemings, the Newtons (astronomer and bishop), the Lowmans, and the Fabers, might still continue to impress my mind with feelings of respect for the prodigious extent and depth of their research and learning, for their ingenuity and for their industry; but their power over me as expositors of God's word, was gone. Their various systems were obviously hollow and self-contradictory—they bore upon them, but too evidently, the impress of a mere fleshly origin—they were guesses; nothing more. From their influence, therefore, I was delivered. Not, however, by the adoption of any other system, but by something like a negation of all systems. For many years previously to 1837, I had in a great measure thrown the Apocalypse aside. Not as unworthy of God, but as, in the present state of the Church, and in the then state of my own mind, unintelligible.

‘And what was my case in 1837, is very much my case still. I do not understand the full scope and meaning of the Apocalypse. I have not formed, and I find myself incapable of forming, any hypothesis concerning it, which shall reach the height of its sublime mysteries, or penetrate to the bottom of its deep-laid principles . . . The Apocalypse, as a whole, I cannot arrange or explain. Who, indeed, can? Have not pretended expositions of this wondrous book hitherto been the opprobrium of theology, the laughing-stock of infidels, and stumbling-blocks to the Church? And if this single divine production have succeeded in baffling and pouring contempt on human ingenuity, what shall we say of the presumption, the blasphemy, the madness of him, who undertakes, and still more, who professes to have executed, a full, continuous, and satisfactory explanation of the whole of the inspired volume?’—Pp. 34—37.

This charge of presumption, blasphemy, and madness, seems to bear very hard against Matthew Henry, Thomas Scott, and other venerated expositors of the inspired volume. If we understand Dr. Thom aright, the Apocalypse is not indeed more hard to be understood than other portions of Scripture. Views of many passages have been *communicated* to the author, which are ‘quite the reverse of what the literal meaning of passages had suggested to the minds of learned and able commentators.’ ‘Instead of our taking hold of things divine,’ he says, ‘it is they which, in consequence of their being revealed to our minds, take hold of

us.' The distinction is very important; it marks the line between a healthy and an unhealthy state of brain. Unconsciously, the learned author has supplied an explanation of the whole matter. In that state of perpetual reverie into which he appears to have lapsed, instead of the mind's taking hold of ideas, ideas take hold of the mind. Divine revelations have generally been made to persons in a state of trance; and imaginary communications, such as those with which Dr. Thom appears to have been visited, require a somewhat anomalous state of the waking faculties, in which the mind exercises an entire faith in its own impressions and 'discoveries,' but is incapable of perceiving the incongruity of its own ideas. The most remarkable instance of this psychological phenomenon was, the case of the learned author of the 'Arcana Cœlestia,' whose discoveries of the internal spiritual sense of the Scriptures, are only less marvellous than his descriptions of the invisible world. We are not aware whether Swedenborg ever had the number of the Beast revealed to him; but the four Gospels and the Revelation are the only books of the New Testament recognised by his followers, as included in 'the word,' of which the internal sense was discovered by their master. Dr. Thom's views of passages in a sense the very reverse of their literal meaning, are perfectly according to the Swedenborgian principle of interpretation. He has favoured us, however, with a communication from his 'esteemed and learned Christian friend, Mr. Wapshare,' the author of 'Scripture Revelations' (a work we must plead guilty to never having heard of), which so far transcends not only Dr. Thom's modest discoveries, but even Swedenborg's celestial hallucinations, that it would be wrong to withhold a specimen from our readers:—

'As you give all the expositions of the number of the Beast, and that of mine, under figure 26, in Hebrew, I imagine you will also give the  $\chi\xi\epsilon$  as initial letters, signifying that Satan, or the Spirit of Life, in all flesh, as in all beasts, is, on the cross, transformed into the spirit of Christ, the Angel giving us the light of the truth, in the salvation of MAN. For so was he who was figured by the old serpent, and the giver of the law (Jehovah), lifted up in the wilderness, for a sign of the Son of Man, who, coming in the fulness of the power of the Father, should be for the *healing* of the nations. . . .

'This is, as well as I may now express it, my solution of the mystery in Hebrew, and in Greek, and also in Latin, I. H. S. "For he that was lifted up is King of the Jews, and is the Lord of all Life, working in us both to will and to do;" as is manifest in the Jews—they slaying him, that his blood might be *good* for the healing of the nations of all people and tongues. As the Father of all *natural* flesh, he is the Spirit of Lust, as in all *beasts*; as the Father, or King of the Jews, he is the Devil, as he himself witnesseth, in John viii. As lifted up, he is transformed into the Spirit of Love, a light of the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel.'—Pp. xxviii. xxix.

There is more to the same effect, but this must suffice. Dr. Thom 'pronounces no opinion' upon it; 'a sense of respect for the author, and a desire that his views might be fairly brought under public notice,' have induced him to introduce the long note in which it occurs; and he apparently entertains for his 'learned,' 'profound,' and 'ingenious' friend, a very sincere admiration. To us, the whole passage seems to partake strongly of blasphemy and insanity; but this may arise from our not perceiving the 'internal sense.' We leave our readers, however, to form their own conclusion, as well respecting Mr. Wapshare's views, as with regard to the supernatural discernment which has enabled Dr. Thom to penetrate their import.

We took up this volume with a sincere desire to do justice to its merits: we hope we have succeeded. Dr. Thom is personally a stranger to us, but he has been described to us by a friend of his, as a very well-meaning and a very learned man. It is only from a list of his works at the end of the present volume, that we have gathered, that, some four and twenty years ago, when minister of the Scotch Church, Rodney-street, Liverpool, he was called to account before the Presbytery of Glasgow, 'by certain individuals connected with the management of the said Church;' that he submitted to the Presbytery a 'Memorial respecting the theological points of his case;' and that, three or four years afterwards (1828), he was engaged in a further correspondence with the Glasgow Presbytery, 'occasioned by a second interference on their part with him.' In 1833, he published a work in two volumes octavo, bearing the very singular and ambiguous title of 'Calvinism identified with Universalism,' which is now 'out of print.' We might have supposed that this title designated an attack upon Calvinism, but, from the titles of other treatises, we infer, that the learned author holds the doctrine of 'universal salvation,' and has endeavoured to reconcile it with the Scottish orthodoxy. In his preface to the work before us, while tendering his acknowledgments to the 'dear friends' by name, 'who have now, for a period of more than twenty years, enabled him to submit his lucubrations to the public eye,' he speaks of himself as 'poor, otherwise unbefriended, and the object of no common dislike on account of his religious views;' and complains of malicious enemies, and of reviewers who have accepted copies of his works, 'some of them expensive,' and have then 'deliberately and contemptuously burked them.' Nevertheless, the names of eighty-eight persons are mentioned, to whose support he acknowledges himself deeply indebted for the 'currency' obtained by his productions, carrying some of them even into second editions; moreover, 'some able and impartial reviewers, who constitute an honourable exception to their class,' have noticed them,—certainly in terms sufficiently



commendatory, one would think, to satisfy an author's vanity. The 'Liverpool Chronicle,' and 'Albion,' compliment Dr. Thom as, '*in every respect*, one of the most extraordinary men of the age;' 'the original thinker, the profound biblical scholar, the expert and skilful logician;' 'a man of deep research, metaphysical acumen, and splendid genius.' The 'Manchester Examiner,' and 'Nottingham Mercury,' vie with each other in extolling the 'intense thought, subtlety, learning, *simple* truth, and universal charity,' displayed in his productions. The 'British Churchman' acknowledges his 'really vigorous and original intellect and masterly hand;' the 'Westminster Review' eulogizes his work on 'Man's Enmity,' as one of 'unusual excellence;' and the 'Athenæum' finds its literary merits to be 'of the highest order.' The 'Prospective Review' characterises our author as 'a perfect master of perspicuity,' and believes him to be 'a man of unimpeachable integrity, of universal kindness of heart, of a pure life, of keen and vigorous intellect of the logical order, and of a noble and unwonted devotion to the cause of truth;' 'one of the few whose honesty and simplicity are too strong to yield either to the tyranny or to the cajolery of churches.' And yet, with all these testimonies emblazoned in his pages, Dr. Thom complains of enmity and neglect on the part of reviewers! For ourselves, after going through the enumeration of his illustrious friends in the Preface, and the testimonies of his reviewers in the final advertisement, we are led to regard Dr. Thom and his book as a literary phenomenon quite beyond the ordinary rules of criticism. We have ventured to suggest an hypothesis by way of explaining the apparent peculiarities of the case; but this will not account for the language of his eulogists and admirers. We therefore leave our readers to judge for themselves as to the profound biblical scholarship, splendid genius, skilful logic, and metaphysical acumen of the author of the 'revolutionary' discovery, that the first beast of the twelfth chapter of Revelation is, 'the mind of man,' and the second beast, 'fleshly churches,' the number of both beasts being the same

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ART. IV.—*Outlines of Astronomy.* By Sir John W. Herschel, Bart., K.H., &c. London: Longman and Co. 1849. 8vo. Pp. 661.

EVERY one acquainted with the history of physical science is aware that, according to creditable testimony, there stood, somewhere about two hundred and forty years from the present date, in the shop of honest Cornelius Jansen, of Middleburg, in Zealand, a simple apparatus, consisting of two convex lenses, distant from each other by the sum of their focal lengths; the exhibition, by means of which, of a magnified and inverted image of the weathercock on a neighbouring church-steeple gave to practical philosophy the first hint towards the construction of the astronomical telescope. This contrivance, the result (if credence is to be given to a popular account, which there certainly exists no means of disproving) of the accidental observations during their pastime of two children, who had been amusing themselves with disposing, in various ways, the spectacle-glasses on their father's counter, was noticed and first made public by an individual, better known during his generation for skill in the arts of destruction, than in those which have a tendency to improve and ennoble life—the famous lieutenant of Philip III. of Spain, the Marquis Ambrose Spinola. As a consequence, the genius of Galileo, speculating on the possible causes of the newly observed phenomena, was led to the discovery of the really less powerful, but much more easily constructed instrument, still known by his name—a mere organ-pipe, in its earliest form, fitted with a plano-concave and plano-convex lens, but which, nevertheless, proved sufficient, almost as soon as directed to the heavens, for the discovery of the lunar mountains, of the satellites of Jupiter, and of that marked deviation from the spherical figure, in the case of the most remote of the Ptolemaic planets, long afterwards known to astronomers by the name of the *ansated* aspect of Saturn. Great and universal was the interest excited by the announcement of these startling novelties. At a period of intense political and religious excitement; while the attention of Europe was fixed on negotiations for the celebrated twelve years' truce, which were on the point of terminating the long-protracted war of independence in the Netherlands, and on the imminent prospect of a new cause of quarrel between the continental powers, arising from the disputed succession to the duchy of Cleves—upon the polemical contests in Holland, which were paving the way for the Synod of Dort; and the clash of opinions in Southern Germany between the Catholics and the Utraquists, which was to be fol-

lowed by the Letter of Majesty, and at no very distant period by the terrible Thirty Years' War—the minds of men were for a while diverted from the policy of Maurice and Sully, the reminiscences of Ostend and Breda, the counter theses of Gomar and Arminius at Leyden, and of the disciples of Huss and Loyola at Prague, by the information communicated from time to time by the mathematical professor at Pisa to his distant friends and correspondents, and to the controversies which, long after their true nature and causes had been made a matter of simple ocular demonstration, continued to rage between the learned of various nations, as to the very existence of the Medicean stars. Throughout the north of Italy, the public curiosity amounted to almost actual frenzy. For the space of an entire month, Galileo was incessantly employed in exhibiting his new instrument, the power of which could not have much exceeded that of a common opera-glass, to crowds of admiring spectators. The story of Sirturi is well known, who, besieged for hours together in the tower of St. Mark, by a clamorous multitude, whose scientific zeal and importunity were so long continued and pressing, made a precipitate retreat with his 'perspective' from the city on the following morning. The greatest potentates of the age did not hesitate to become personal applicants for the possession of such a means of increasing the visual angle of external objects, as the sum of about five shillings sterling will now enable a purchaser to command, in any toyshop of the metropolis or the provinces. The heroic conqueror of Arques and of Ivry interrupted the consideration of his favourite and long-cherished scheme for the humiliation of the House of Austria, to plead the claims of the House of Bourbon, in the event of fresh celestial discoveries, to an honour similar to that conferred upon the grand Duke of Tuscany, in the name bestowed upon the new planets. It may be doubted whether the annals of science have before or since exhibited an instance of equal enthusiasm. Yet inadequate as may now seem the cause for the outburst of wonder and delight with which the civilized world was at that time pervaded, the feeling in question was, after all, no more than commensurate with the importance of the occasion or the magnitude of the results attained. Not only were the long-received absurdities of the various mundane systems of ancient writers at once dissipated—the chiming spheres of the Pythagoreans and Platonists—the burning empyræum of the Alexandrian school, and its subordinate firmaments, 'with centric and excentric scribbled o'er'—the two crystalline heavens of Ptolemy, and the ninety-six of Jerome Fracastor—but the flight of these ingenious and time-honoured delusions was attended as a necessary result by that of principles, both more deeply rooted, and far more practically



detrimental. With them fell irrecoverably the dominion of that tyrannous philosophy, already assailed by the genius of Bacon, which, under the authority of the name of Aristotle, had so long extended its iron yoke over all things human and divine. With them departed to the receptacle which Milton has described as reserved 'for all things transitory and vain,' the pernicious school of dogmatic divinity—the tortuous sophisms of the dialecticians of the middle ages—of the nominalists and realists—of Occam and Scotus, of Aquinas and Gherson. Nor is it too much to affirm, that there is not a subject of philosophical speculation, or of ethical and political science—as there is unquestionably none in the great field of experimental research—which was not more or less benefited at the moment in which the glance of the great Florentine geometer discovered, that there were other bodies in our system than those to which it had been hitherto supposed to be restricted by a law of numerical necessity; and that the obscurer portions of the lunar disc, so far from consisting of gross and impure vapours arising from the earth, and conducing to the nutriment of that luminary by absorption into its substance, as Pliny and Aristotle had taught, were merely tracts of a lower reflecting power in a globe as solid, and, to all appearance, of as diversified a surface, as our own.

If any chapter in the history of the intellect of man is more striking than another, it is to be found in the record of the successive advances made, since the days of Galileo and Kepler, in the study of those laws of central force, in their various statical and dynamical relations, to which all parts of the material universe lying within the reach of human investigation may be demonstrably proved to be subject. The very infancy of astronomy is of a character to strike us with awe and amazement. With what feeling, then, must we look on the successive stages which have led to its present full and mature development. How vast have been the intellectual resources lavished at every step of its imposing progress; how unwearied the industry which has watched over and noted from age to age the least obvious of its complicated phenomena; how mighty, no less in its endurance than in its comprehensive power, the thought, which has toiled through this field of arduous research, in the reconciliation of apparent inconsistencies with received theory, and the transforming of perplexing instances of perturbation into positive illustrations of the rule, against which, they, at first sight, seemed to militate. Few, indeed, are qualified closely to follow such efforts of profound meditation, or to regard, with a feeling beyond that of general and indefinite reverence, those names which stand as conspicuous landmarks along the great road of celestial discovery—the names of Halley, of Bradley, of Newton, of Euler, of

D'Alembert, of Clairaut, of Lagrange, and Laplace. The grand results, however, in which their labours have ended, are sufficiently known; for they are such as every one possessed of common sense can readily appreciate. As regards the establishment of its leading principles, and the proofs of the universality of their application, but little remains, to all appearance, for astronomy to accomplish. The eldest and the most majestic of the family of inductive sciences, its task may be considered virtually completed at a time when those of its kindred can scarcely be said to have begun. Notwithstanding its immense and daily increasing multiplicity of facts, chemistry is still far from even a remote approach to a distinct understanding of the laws of molecular attraction and elective affinity. The electrician, who defends the lives and the property of his fellows, with unerring certainty, against one of the most terrible forms of elemental destruction, or who transmits intelligence to any given distance with a speed surpassing that of light, knows not whether the agency he employs is an actual substance, or a simple condition of matter,—an *ens* or a *predicament*, to adopt the quaint language of the ancient metaphysicians. The physiologist, thoroughly acquainted with the subtlest modifications of organic existence, with ultimate structures and tissues, and embryonic cells, sees not yet the faintest glimmer of light shed upon the conditions which regulate the process of assimilation or the phenomena of sentient life. It is reserved for that science alone, whose principles are embodied in the pages of the 'Principia,' and of the 'Mecanique Celeste,' to assert that its solutions are equal to all possible contingencies, and that the revolutions of ages will probably disclose nothing to alter, in any material sense, the deductions of its succinct, but infallible rules. Every presumed anomaly, every observed discrepancy—disturbances the most minute, variations the most mysterious—have been successively proved to be within the reach of its explanations. Its faculty of reconstructing the past, at once the most obvious and the most unanswerable evidence of the accuracy of its powers, is no more subject to the restrictions of limit, than its prescience of the conditions of the future. Nor are the mechanical appliances at its command less certain than the theoretical data from which its tables are framed, and its general formulæ deduced; for in all the leading observations of the astronomy of the present day, it is neither exaggeration nor an approach to metaphor to assert, that the utmost liabilities to error are comprised within the substance of a single hair.

It is now some years since the leading features of this exalted science were presented in a popular form by a writer whose name was in itself a sufficient guarantee for the high character of

any work issuing from the press under the prestige of his authorship. The 'Outlines of Astronomy,' by Sir John Herschel, forming part of the series of Natural Philosophy in the 'Cabinet Encyclopædia,' have long been deservedly held in general estimation, as containing, perhaps, the best exposition of celestial phenomena which could be given to readers unversed in the highest branches of mathematical science. The revised and much enlarged edition of this standard work which has just appeared, will be welcomed, not only as an expansion of the original design, but as an amplification of all the excellences by which the earlier treatise was distinguished. There is the same perspicuity, the same felicitous arrangement, the same aptitude of diction, combined with an uniform strength of illustration, and a power of unostentatious, but vivid description, which nothing but a long and close familiarity with the wonders to be explained could possibly supply.

As in the first edition of 'The Outlines of Astronomy,' the opening chapters of Sir John Herschel's enlarged work relate chiefly to the motions and measurements of our own globe, and to the principles exemplified in the construction of the various instruments which constitute the ordinary working apparatus of the astronomer. The phenomena of equinoctial precession, of aberration and nutation, the solutions afforded by trigonometry of problems affecting the distance of remote objects, and, lastly, the golden law of parallax displacement, on which our knowledge of the true places in space occupied by the heavenly bodies principally depends, are clearly and familiarly treated; and the reader will have to admire an equally able style of exposition in relation to the subjects of terrestrial gravitation, the paths of projectiles, and the laws of elliptical motion. In connexion with the movements, real and apparent, of the grand central body of our system, the sun—the measurement of time, and the differences between the sidereal, tropical, and anomalistic years are naturally brought under consideration. In his speculations as to the physical constitution of that stupendous luminary, the opinion of Sir John Herschel is in full accordance with the theory which is said to have been in the first instance broached by the unhappy author of the 'Prison Thoughts,' but which has since constantly been receiving additional confirmation from every scientific test brought to bear upon its examination, the curious properties of polarized light being included. Little doubt, he thinks, can now exist that the solar globe is a dense and perfectly opaque mass, surrounded by at least two distinct atmospheres—the higher intensely luminous, the lower elastic, transparent—and carrying on its upper surface a cloudy stratum, from which the luminous rays are reflected through space. It is to the partial removal,



therefore, of these investing atmospheres, and to the consequent exposure of portions of the opaque globe beneath, that the occurrence of those dark and abyss-like spots is owing, which generally form such conspicuous objects on every telescopic examination of the solar orb, and which are occasionally of dimensions so enormous, that the earth, and her attendant satellite, the moon, might, as it has been computed, be dropped into several, without any alteration in their relative distances. According to Sir John Herschel, however, the light-producing atmosphere, as may be inferred from the marked difference in luminosity which it presents at various points, is in itself far from homogeneous. Certainly his description of its general aspect must be acknowledged by every observer to be singularly graphic and accurate.

‘There is nothing,’ he says, ‘which represents so faithfully its appearance as the slow subsidence of some flocculent chemical precipitate in a transparent fluid, when viewed perpendicularly from above ; so faithfully, indeed, that it is hardly possible not to be impressed with the idea of a luminous medium, intermixed, but not confounded, with a transparent and non-luminous atmosphere, either floating as clouds in our air, or pervading it in vast sheets and columns, like flame, or the streamers of our northern lights directed in lines perpendicular to the surface.’ Yet more—beyond this extraordinary sea of incandescent gases there would appear to exist a *third* gaseous envelope, of immense extent, and of somewhat imperfect transparency. We are aware that the presence of such an atmosphere, which Sir John Herschel seems to think proved by the difference in illuminating power observable between the central portions of the sun and the extreme edges of his disc, has been denied by not a few modern philosophers (among others by the eminent French astronomer, Arago), who have asserted that no such difference is appreciable. An extraordinary and wholly unexpected phenomenon, however, observed during the famous eclipse of the sun of July 7, 1842, in many of the cities of Northern Italy, as well as at Munich and Vienna, seems at length to have settled this long-disputed question. On the occasion alluded to, and at the moment of greatest obscuration, it is recorded that ‘three distinct and very conspicuous *rose-coloured* protuberances were seen to project beyond the dark body of the moon, likened by some to flames, by others to mountains.’ These, it is argued, could have been no other than clouds of extreme tenuity, supported by an atmosphere, the least possible limit to the extent of which could not fall short of a distance of 40,000 miles from the sun’s surface. As to the zodiacal light, which has been so often regarded by astronomers of all nations as possibly fulfilling the office of a solar atmosphere,

the judgment of Sir John Herschel is explicitly given in contradiction to the commonly received hypothesis. Its well-known lenticular shape, and near approach to a correspondence with the plane of the sun's equator, are circumstances in his opinion fatal to any such method of explanation. 'The existence of a gaseous envelope,' he asserts, 'propagating pressure from part to part, subject to mutual friction in its strata, and therefore rotating in the same, or nearly the same, time with the central body, and of such dimensions and ellipticity, is utterly incompatible with known dynamical laws.' Whether his own explanation of the phenomenon is open to any very serious objection is a point which we must leave others to discuss, but it is, at the least, in the highest degree ingenious. The zodiacal light, he seems to think, may possibly be occasioned by a number of solid particles, or planetary bodies of the most minute dimensions, revolving about the sun, as their primary, and in orbits variously inclined. And he adds—

'Nothing prevents that these particles, or some among them, may have some tangible size, and be at very great distances from each other. Compared with planets visible in our most powerful telescopes, rocks and stony masses of great size and weight would be but as the impalpable dust, which a sunbeam renders visible as a sheet of light, when streaming through a narrow chink into a dark chamber.'

This is unquestionably true, but the very condition involved in such an explanation must render, as will at once be seen, its confirmation impossible, at least by any means with which science up to the present time is acquainted.

With regard to the physical characteristics of that member of our system which, next to the great source and centre of light, occupies the most conspicuous place in the heavens—the complicated motions of which constitute a field of such laborious exercise to the geometer and analyst—the deductions of the most recent observers, as summed up by Sir John Herschel, present, it must be confessed, but little to countenance those supposed analogies between our world and its planetary attendant once received with universal belief, and cited without suspicion by the most matter-of-fact authorities, in common with more speculative observers. Under the severe test of the improved optical instruments of our time, the lunar waters have vanished. Those obscure and mysterious spaces, formerly regarded with so much curious interest, and noted by selenographers under the poetic titles of the Milky and Nectarous Seas, or seas of tideless stillness and shadowy serenity—the Mare Nubium, Mare Humorum, and Mare Tranquillitatis of old astronomical fame—turn out to be mere desolate pampas—vast and

barren steppes—upon which the hippogriff of Rinaldo, were his famous flight to the upper regions of space repeated, would not find a single blade of grass for his refreshment, and where, indeed, the Paladin himself would not be able to breathe for a moment; since, after a long and arduous struggle on the part of a numerous class of observers to maintain it, the atmosphere of the moon seems to have no more demonstrable existence than the lunar lakes and seas. It is hardly possible to repress a feeling of regret at this stern contradiction to the impressions of our childhood, the final verdict of science as to an assumed state of things which has for centuries afforded matter for the playful fancy of the satirist, the dreams of the solitary and meditative idealist, and the descriptive powers of the poet.

‘Altri fiumi, altre laghe, altri campagne  
Sono la su che non son qui tra noi,  
Altri piani, altre valle, altre montagne,  
Che han le cittadi, hanno i castelli suoi:  
E vi sono ampie e solitarie selve  
Ove le ninfe ognor cacciano le belve.’

Yet the reality which has in this instance been substituted for ill-grounded supposition is unsurpassed in the scope which it affords for surprise and wonder by the wildest conceptions of poetry, or the most visionary descriptions of romance. A vast Phlegrean region, two thousand miles in diameter, displaying, in every direction, the effects of a long extinct convulsive agency, traversed by tremendous gorges, abruptly sinking into immense crater-like abysses, and studded over with mountain rings, whose abruptly rising peaks equal in altitude the snowy cones of the American Cordilleras, or the highest summits of the great Himalaya range—the circular areas enclosed by these majestic walls strown with a chaotic mass of rocks and boulders, and the table districts without, seamed with vast diverging ridges of volcanic matter—everywhere arid desolation, the monotony of uninterrupted solitude—the stillness, not of death, but of that condition in the history of worlds in which the race of sentient existence is not yet begun—such is the picture which modern science seems justified in drawing in place of those ‘argent fields,’ the abodes of ‘translated saints’ and ‘middle spirits,’ imagined by Milton, or of the splendid marvels which a near approach to the ‘eterna margarita’ revealed to the eyes of the great father of Tuscan song and his celestial guide. Nor are the alternations of light and temperature, which recent discovery assign to the lunar globe, less extraordinary. A night of the duration of fourteen of our own, which, to nearly half the surface of the satellite



must be unenlightened by any ray from its primary, is suddenly, and without the least intervening twilight, succeeded by the intense glare of a day of equal length. During the former period, the temperature must, it is presumed, be far lower than that of our extreme arctic regions; throughout the latter it probably exceeds the heat of the fiercest equinoctial noon.

‘Such a disposition of things,’ says Sir John Herschel, ‘must produce a constant transfer of whatever moisture may exist upon its surface, from the point beneath the sun to that opposite, by distillation *in vacuo*, after the manner of the little instrument called the *Cryophorus*. The consequence must be absolute aridity below the vertical sun, constant accretion of hoar frost in the opposite region, and perhaps a narrow zone of running water at the borders of the enlightened hemisphere. It is possible, then, that evaporation on the one hand, and condensation on the other, may, to a certain extent, preserve an equilibrium of temperature, and mitigate the extreme severity of both climates; but this process, which would imply the continual generation and destruction of aqueous vapour, must, in conformity with what has been said above of a lunar atmosphere, be confined within very narrow limits.’—P. 260.

The probable aspect of our world from these mysterious regions is thus described:—

‘If there be inhabitants in the moon, the earth must present to them the extraordinary appearance of a moon of nearly two degrees in diameter, exhibiting phases complimentary to those which we see the moon to do, but *immovably fixed in their sky* (or at least changing its apparent place only by the small amount of the libration), while the stars must seem to pass slowly beside and behind it. It will appear clouded with variable spots, and belted with equinoctial and tropical zones, corresponding with our trade winds; and it may be doubted whether in their perpetual change the outlines of our continents and seas can ever be clearly discerned. During a solar eclipse, the earth’s atmosphere will become visible as a narrow but bright luminous ring of a ruddy colour, where it rests on the earth, passing into a faint blue, encircling the whole or part of the dark disc of the earth, the remainder being dark and rugged with clouds.’—P. 263.

As might be expected from the great interest with which their aspect and motions have been at all times regarded by astronomers, and the wholly unexpected phenomena which some of their number have been latterly observed to exhibit, the cometary bodies afford material for an elaborate and able chapter in the ‘*Outlines of Astronomy*.’ Of these extraordinary appendages to our system, at least some hundreds are now known to exist, differing in apparent dimensions from mere wisps of light to the enormous volume of the great comet of 1680, the train of which was, by Newton, calculated to stretch into space

to a distance of eighty millions of miles from its head, a distance nearly doubled by other, and perhaps less accurate observers. Nothing can be more variable than their appearances when compared one with another, unless, indeed, it is the remarkable differences which the same comet is now found occasionally to exhibit in such stages of its course as lie within the reach of human cognizance. The head, or nucleus, is sometimes a diffused vapour, through which the stars occulted by its passage have been, in not a few instances, distinctly seen; sometimes, if credit is to be given to the testimony of Hevelius and Lahire, a solid globe, exhibiting phases like those of the moon; for the most part surrounded by a misty coma, or chevelure, and attended by the streaming appendage, vulgarly denominated a tail, which is almost invariably projected to a point in the heavens opposite to the sun. Occasionally, however, comets have traversed a considerable portion of the heavens without the least sign of an attendant nubulosity, and presenting a disk as clear and as well defined as that of the planet Jupiter. Such was the comet observed by Tycho Brahe, in 1586, and one of a similar kind noted by Casini in the year 1682. With regard to the shapes assumed by the trains of comets, the most curious diversities have been recorded. Nearly eighteen centuries ago, indeed, Pliny attempted to classify their various appearances under ten distinct genera.\* Some are perfectly straight; others exhibit various degrees of curvature. That of the comet of 1744, was compared to the quadrant of a circle: one which appeared in 1689 was bent, according to contemporary historians, into the form of a Turkish scimeter. The small comet of 1823 had two tails, making an angle of about 160 degrees; the brighter turned, as usual, from the sun, the fainter towards it, or nearly so. Again, some are represented as scintillating with a sparkling light, like that of the trains left by some bright meteors, or the radiance emitted from a smith's forge; others, as glowing with an angry luminosity of a blood-red colour;† while a third class exhibit the lambent play of those beautiful coruscations seen during an exhibition of the northern lights, or in their imitation by the popular experiment of passing an electric spark through a partially exhausted glass tube. Generally speaking, the cometic nucleus resembles a faint telescopic star, but there are instances in which it has shone with a most remarkable brilliancy. The famous comet which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, and

\* Natur. Histor. lib. ii. xxii.

† 'Horrentes crine, sanguineo.'—*Plin.*

'—liquida si quando nocte cometæ  
Sanguinei lugubre rubent.'—*Virg. Æn. x. 272.*

which, if indeed no other than the comet of Halley, as supposed by Pontecoulant and others, must since have undergone a wonderful diminution of lustre, is recorded to have surpassed the brightness of the sun itself.\* A second of equal lustre is said to have signalized the year of his accession to the throne of Pontus. One considered as a prognostic of the death of Demetrius, king of Syria, is represented as scarcely less resplendent. The light emitted by the comet of 1004, was estimated at four times that of the planet Venus. And Pliny has spoken of several almost too dazzling to be gazed upon by the naked eye.† In such descriptions there may be something of exaggeration, but that comets have been occasionally visible at noonday, there seems not the remotest reason to doubt. Not to cite the well-known instance of that which followed the death of Julius Cæsar, forty-three years B.C., and which for seven days together was seen by the assembled people of Rome while celebrating the funeral games of the deceased dictator, or of the comet of A.D. 575, which continued to be observed when almost close to the sun, it is certain that the last great comet, which unexpectedly visited our system in 1843, was conspicuous in the southern hemisphere amidst the unclouded light of the solar rays. Of the close approaches occasionally made by these bodies to our earth, we have the most convincing evidence. The fact might indeed be inferred from the extraordinary space which several have seemed to occupy in the visible heavens. The tail of the great Mithridatic comet is said to have extended over a space of sixty degrees in length, and to have occupied four hours in rising. Seneca speaks of one which appeared to stretch through nearly the whole of the Via Lactea. 'Cometa inauditæ magnitudinis cum prælongâ caudâ, ita ut duo fere signa comprehenderit,' is the description quoted by Lubienietzki in reference to the comet of 1456; and these statements are rendered fully probable by the actual measurement of that of 1797, which was found to exceed ninety-seven degrees—that is to say, actually more than half the extent of the sky. But upon this point the computations of astronomy speak yet more distinctly, and with an authority not to be gainsaid. The path of Biela's comet is now known very nearly, if not absolutely, to intersect the earth's orbit; and it is certain that in the year 1805, its distance from our globe was not more than five millions of miles. In 1770, the comet of Messier and Lexell made a much closer appulse,

\* 'Nam et eo quo genitus est anno, et eo quo regnare primum cœpit, stella cometes per utrumque tempus septuaginta diebus ita luxit ut cœlum omne flagrare videretur. Nam et magnitudine sui quartam partem cœli occupaverat, et fulgore sui solis nitorem vicerat.'—*Justin.* lib. xxxvii. 2.

† 'Fit et candidus cometes, argenteo crine, ita refulgens ut vix contueri liceat.'—*Nat. Hist.* ii. 22.



so close, in fact, as to be removed from us by no more than seven times the distance of the moon, so that if its mass had been only equal to that of the earth, an increase of at least two hours and forty-seven minutes\* would have taken place in our sidereal year. But the same science which has revealed the existence of these startling proximities, has, by way of compensation, supplied an effectual antidote to that epidemic terror which has occasionally pervaded the public mind, from the supposed possibility of a collision between the terrestrial globe and a comet, descending to its perihelion, or at least of such an increase in the height of our tides from the attraction of the latter, as to give rise to a second general deluge.

The chances of an actual encounter of the earth with Biela's comet, are estimated as at least many millions to one. From no other known body of the kind have we anything to apprehend, and the effect of a near approach on the part of the largest of the class, may be inferred from analogical reasoning to be such only as it would require the most careful observation to appreciate. The constancy of the lunar librations (one of the most delicate tests imaginable), has, ever since attention was directed to these movements, shown the entire absence up to the present hour of any such perturbing cause. The attraction of the comet of Lexell, in 1770, was insufficient to lengthen the sidereal year to the amount of two seconds; and the same body, although it actually passed in 1779 through the system of Jupiter, had so little effect upon the orbits of its satellites, as to render unnecessary the least alteration in the tables relative to their motions. With the comet itself, the case, however, as it is well known, was far otherwise; since such was the effect exercised by the vast globe of the planet and his attendant moons upon its attenuated substance, as completely to deflect it from its former path, and to place it beyond the reach of possible recognition on the occasion of its next periodic visit to the sun. But if no longer regarded with terror, as agents, from which any serious disturbance of the equilibrium of our planetary system can be reasonably expected, the mystery which hangs over the purposes and the constitution of the cometary bodies—a mystery which appears only to deepen as they are more closely observed—must at all times give rise to a feeling approaching to awe, in connexion with the wonder naturally produced by the imposing circumstances for the most part accompanying their appearances, as well as by their variable and most eccentric courses. The comets of 1723 and 1771, and the second comet of 1818, have been satisfactorily proved to describe neither elliptic nor parabolic curves, but to

\* Pontecoulant, Notice de la Comète de Halley.

move in true hyperbolas—a course which would render the second visit of any one of them to our system almost infinitely improbable. This actual existence, however, of a deviation from elliptic motion, which theory had long shown to be possible, is not the only valuable truth which by such agency has been revealed to science. From the well-ascertained retardations of the comet of Encke, the periodic revolution of which does not occupy more than three and a half years, it is all but certain that the interplanetary spaces, so far from being a vacuum, as believed by some of the leading Newtonians, are occupied by a resisting medium, *perhaps* increasing in density in proportion to its nearness to the sun—a fact of the highest importance and interest, but which when first asserted in the last century by the much calumniated physiologist Mesmer, was treated with unsparing ridicule by Franklin, and the members of the French Academy. Yet more worthy of notice, however, as opening an entirely new region of scientific inquiry, must be considered the marked differences observed in the shape and apparent consistency of the famous comet of Halley, during its last return in the year 1836. We will not attempt to describe these extraordinary changes in any other words than those of Sir John Herschel himself. Yet we cannot help remarking that the scientific reader must be struck with the relation which they seem to bear to the recent great discoveries relative to the magnetic properties of light established by the experiments of Faraday.

‘The first appearance of this celebrated comet, while yet very remote from the sun, was that of a small, round, but oval nebula, quite destitute of light, and having a minute point of more concentrated light eccentrically situated within it. It was not before the 2nd of October that the tail began to be developed, and thenceforth increased pretty rapidly, being already four or five degrees long on the 5th. It attained its greatest apparent length (about twenty degrees), on the 15th of October. From that time, though not yet arrived at its perihelion, it decreased with such rapidity, that already on the 29th it was only three degrees, and on November the 5th, two and a half degrees in length. There is every reason to believe that before the perihelion, the tail had altogether disappeared, as, though it continued to be observed at Pulkowa up to the very day of its perihelion passage, no mention whatever is made of its tail being then seen. By far the most striking phenomena, however, observed in this part of its career, were those, which, commencing simultaneously with the growth of the tail, connected themselves evidently with the production of that appendage, and its projection from the head. On the 2nd of October (the very day of the first observed commencement of the tail), the nucleus, which had been faint and small, was observed suddenly to have become much brighter, and to be in the act of throwing out a jet or stream of light from its anterior part, or that turned towards the

sun. This ejection, after ceasing a while, was resumed, and with much greater violence, on the 8th, and continued with occasional intermittences, as long as the tail itself continued visible. Both the form of this luminous ejection, and the direction in which it issued from the nucleus, meanwhile underwent singular and capricious alterations, the different phases succeeding each other with such rapidity, that on no two successive nights were the appearances alike. At one time, the emitted jet was single, and confined within narrow limits of divergences from the nucleus; at others, it presented a fan-shaped, or swallow-tail form, analogous to that of a gas flame issuing from a narrow orifice; while at others, again, two, three, or even more, jets were darted forth in different directions. The direction of the principal jet was observed meanwhile to oscillate to and fro on either side of a line directed to the sun, in the manner of a compass needle when thrown into vibration, and oscillating about a mean position, the change of direction being conspicuous even from hour to hour. These jets, though very bright at their point of emanation from the nucleus, faded rapidly away, and became diffused as they expanded into the coma, at the same time curving backwards, as streams of steam or smoke would do, if thrown out from narrow orifices more or less obliquely in opposition to a powerful wind, against which they were unable to make way, and ultimately yielding to its force so as to be drifted back and confounded in a vaporous train following the general direction of the current. After the perihelion passage, the comet was lost sight of for upwards of two months, and at its re-appearance (January 24, 1836), presented itself under quite a different aspect, having in the interval evidently undergone some great physical change, which had operated an entire transformation in its appearance. It no longer presented any vestige of a tail, but appeared to the naked eye as a hazy star of about the fourth or fifth magnitude, and in powerful telescopes, as a small, round, well-defined disk, rather more than two minutes in diameter, surrounded with a nebulous chevelure, or coma, of much greater extent. Within the disk, and somewhat eccentrically situated, a minute but bright nucleus appeared, from which extended towards the posterior edge of the disk (or that remote from the sun), a short, vivid, luminous ray. As the comet receded from the sun, the coma speedily disappeared, as if absorbed into the disk, which, on the other hand, increased continually in dimensions, and with such rapidity, that, in the week elapsed from January 25 to February 1st, the actual volume, or real solid content of the illuminated space, had dilated in the ratio of upwards of forty to one. And so it continued to swell out with undiminished rapidity, until from this cause alone it ceased to be visible, the illumination becoming fainter as the magnitude increased, until at length the outline became undistinguishable from simple want of light to trace it. While this increase of dimension proceeded, the form of the disk passed by gradual and successive additions to its length in the direction opposite to the sun, to that of a paraboloid, the anterior curved portion preserving its planetary sharpness, but the base being faint and ill defined. It is evident that had this process continued, with sufficient light to render the result visible, a tail would have been ultimately reproduced, but the increase of dimensions being



accompanied with diminution of brightness, a short, imperfect, and, as it were, rudimentary tail, only was formed, visible as such for a few nights to the naked eye, or in a low magnifying telescope, and that only when the comet itself had begun to fade away by reason of its increasing distance. While the parabolic envelope was thus continually dilating and growing fainter, the nucleus underwent little change, but the ray proceeding from it increased in length and comparative brightness, preserving all the time its direction along the axis of the paraboloid, and offering none of those irregular and capricious phenomena which characterised the jets of light emitted anteriorly previous to the perihelion. If the office of these jets was to feed the tail, the converse office of conducting back its successively condensing matter to the nucleus, would seem to be that of the ray in question. By degrees this also failed, and the last appearance presented was that which it offered at its first appearance in August, viz., that of a small round nebula, with a bright point in or near the centre.'—Pp. 350—355.

To this account we append a description of the equally striking phenomena observed at the last appearance of Biela's comet in 1846.

'This comet is small, and hardly visible to the naked eye, even when brightest. Nevertheless, as if to make up for its seeming insignificance by the interest attaching to it in a physical point of view, it exhibited, at its last appearance in 1846, a phenomenon which struck every astronomer with amazement, as a thing without previous example in the history of our system. It was actually seen to separate itself into two distinct comets, which, after thus parting company, continued to journey along amicably through an arc of upwards of seventy degrees of their apparent orbit, keeping all the while within the same field of view of the telescope pointed towards them. The first indication of something unusual being about to take place, might be perhaps referred to the 19th of December, 1845, when the comet appeared pear-shaped. But on the 13th of January, at Washington, in America, and on the 15th, and subsequently in every part of Europe, it was distinctly seen to have become double, a very small and faint cometic body, having a nucleus of its own, being observed appended to it at a distance of about two minutes (in arc) from its centre. From this time, the separation of the two comets went on progressively, though slowly.

'During this separation, very remarkable changes were observed to be going on both in the original comet, and its companion. Both had nuclei, both had short tails, parallel in direction, and nearly perpendicular to the line of junction, but whereas at its first observation in January 13th, the new comet was extremely small and faint in comparison with the old, the difference both in point of light and apparent magnitude diminished. On the 10th of February they were nearly equal, although the day before the moonlight had effaced the new one, leaving the other bright enough to be well observed. On the 14th and 16th, however, the new comet had gained a decided superiority of light over the old, presenting, at the same time, a sharp and starlike

nucleus, compared by Lieut. Maury to a diamond spark. But this state of things was not constant. Already on the 18th the old comet had regained its superiority, being nearly twice as bright as its companion, and offering an unusually bright and starlike nucleus. From this period the new companion began to fade away, but continued visible up to the 15th of March. On the 24th, the comet was again single, and on the 22nd of April, both had disappeared. While this singular interchange of light was going forwards, indications of some sort of communication between the comets were exhibited. The new, or companion comet, besides its tail extending in a direction parallel to that of the other, threw out a faint arc of light, which extended as a kind of bridge from the one to the other, and after the restoration of the original comet to its former pre-eminence, it on its part threw forth additional rays, so as to present (on the 22nd and 23rd of February) the appearance of a comet with three faint tails, forming angles of about 120 degrees with each other, one of which extended towards its companion.'—P. 359.

We regret that, on the subject of sidereal astronomy, our limits will not allow more than a brief reference to the rich mine of information contained in Sir John Herschel's work. If there is one field of astronomical research, rather than another, in which the name of Herschel may be considered to stand pre-eminent as a matter of prescriptive right, it is undoubtedly that which the illustrious discoverer of Uranus was the first successfully to investigate, and to reclaim from the neglect, to which, from the despair of previous observers, confounded by its vastness and by the mechanical difficulties attending its exploration, it had long been, almost without an exception, consigned.

Of the fixed stars, nearly everything which is satisfactorily known has been discovered within the last sixty years; but how astounding has been the industry employed, how wonderful have been the facts elicited in relation to these distant suns, and yet more distant aggregations of suns, within that comparatively brief period. It is well known that until latterly, any approach to an actual calculation of the position in space, relatively to ourselves, occupied by the nearest fixed star, was considered beyond the powers of science. The smallest possible distance, indeed, within which one might exist, was assumed from the negative evidence of the non-existence of parallax in the case of the brightest, and therefore, as it was presumed, the least remote of the number. But it is now ascertained, beyond question, that, although many stars of the first magnitude are situated at such an immense distance from the earth, that when viewed from the opposite extremities of its orbit, no alteration, arising from this cause, is produced in their apparent places in the heavens (and this is all that the term parallax implies), there are stars in which such a displacement is distinctly appreciable. The parallax of the

bright star  $\alpha$  Centauri, estimated by Henderson at  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a second, has not been materially qualified by the calculations of other observers. That of 61 Cygni, famous for the labours of the great astronomer Bessel, is now generally assumed as not less than  $0''.348$ . Minute parallaxes to the extent of  $0''.261$ ,  $0''.230$ ,  $0''.133$ ,  $0''.127$ ,  $0''.067$ , and  $0''.046$  respectively, have been also observed in the stars  $\alpha$  Lyræ, Sirius, Ursæ Majoris, Arcturus, Polaris, and Capella. Two important inferences are deducible from the existence of these seemingly trifling differences, which are only to be verified, as it need scarcely be observed, by the most patient accuracy of observation, and by the employment of instruments of exquisite delicacy. The first is, that, if  $\alpha$  Centauri is, indeed, the nearest of all the stellar lights to our system, its distance cannot well be estimated at less than twenty billions of miles, or more than two hundred thousand times the mean distance of the earth from the sun, a space which a wave of light, moving with a velocity of nearly 200,000 miles per second, would take about three years and a quarter to traverse; and if the star 61 Cygni is assumed, in compliance with the judgment of some astronomers, as our nearest neighbour, this distance must of course be immensely increased. A no less certain deduction follows from the unexpected discovery, that the parallaxes of the fixed stars are by no means in accordance with the ratio of their respective magnitudes; for it must consequently be assumed that several of the brightest of these bodies are really much more remote than those less luminous. Bessel's star 61 Cygni, for instance, is but of the sixth magnitude; yet we have seen the excess of its parallax above that of Sirius, unquestionably the most glorious object in the starry heavens. Even the lustre of  $\alpha$  Centauri is computed as not more than one-fourth that of the once conspicuous object of the veneration of the old Nilotic Sabianism. The conclusion from the results of such photometric estimates, when compared with the difference of the parallaxes of the bodies in question, is obvious. The light radiated by Sirius into space, must be at least sixty-three times that of the sun; and as an almost necessary corollary to such a deduction, it must enormously exceed in magnitude the great fountain of light to the earth and her sister planets.

But the phenomena of double, ternary, quadruple, and multiple systems, that is, of suns revolving about a common centre of motion in almost every possible modification of relationship which secondaries can bear to their primaries, or to each other, appear also to be at length reduced to the rule of actual measurement. The number assigned by recent observation to these complicated systems is altogether amazing. Sir William Herschel, half a century ago, reckoned them at five hundred. Struve



has added four times that number; and other observers have extended the catalogue still further, 'without exhausting the fertility of the heavens.'

Sir John Herschel gives a tabular list of more than a hundred of the most remarkable of the number, divided into eight classes. Among these, some most extraordinary combinations are observable. The smaller companions of  $\alpha$  Andromedæ,  $\mu$  Bootis, and  $\mu$  Lupi, are found to be each double. Each of the stars  $\zeta$  Cancri,  $\xi$  Scorpii, 11 Monocerotis, and 12 Lyncis, consists of a principal star, closely double, and a smaller and more distant attendant.  $\epsilon$  Lyrae affords the remarkable combination of a double-double star, while  $\theta$  Orionis presents the phenomenon of four principal brilliant stars of the respective magnitudes 4, 6, 7, and 8, forming a trapezium, and accompanied by two very minute and close companions. A multiple system observed by Sir William Herschel, in the head of Monoceros, is said to have consisted of one central star, surrounded by twelve others of inferior brightness.

The beautiful gradations and contrasts of colour which many of these complex systems are found to afford, are not among the least of their claims to the interest of the scientific observer. Such phenomena are of course in part explicable by the well-known optical delusion of complementary colours, an easy exemplification of which any one may afford to himself, by noticing the beautiful purple fringe which edges the yellow-coloured flames of a blazing fire, during the twilight of a winter's evening. Such an explanation, however, in a large class of instances, must entirely fail, and in no case can account for the predominant colour of the primary star. In  $\epsilon$  Cancri, the large star, of a full yellow tint, is accompanied by one of a light blue. The stars composing the well-known double system  $\gamma$  Andromedæ, afford a vivid contrast of crimson and green.  $\eta$  Coronæ exhibits the beautiful combination of a large white star, and a small one of a rich ruddy purple. 'It may easier be suggested in words,' fancifully observes Sir John Herschel, 'than conceived in imagination,' what variety in illumination two suns—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one—must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and 'grateful vicissitudes' a red and a green day for instance, alternating with a white one and with darkness, might arise from the presence or absence of one or other, or both, above the horizon. 'Insulated stars,' he adds, 'of a red colour, almost as deep as blood, occur in many parts of the heavens, but no green or blue star, of any decided hue, has, we believe, ever been noticed, unassociated with a companion brighter than itself. The most splendid instance, however, of a coloured system seems to be presented by a cluster of minute stars in the neighbourhood of  $\kappa$  Crucis, set down as a nebula by Lacaille.'

'It occupies,' we are told, 'an area of about one forty-eighth part of a square degree, and consists of about 110 stars, from the seventh magnitude downward, eight of the more conspicuous of which are coloured, with various shades of red, green, and blue, so as to give the whole the appearance of a rich piece of jewelry.' In relation to the actual motions of the smaller stars of certain double systems (that striking confirmation of the existence of the Newtonian laws, as far as motion can be followed through the abysses of space) it may be noticed as a most interesting fact, that some, at least, of these subordinate suns revolve round their primaries, in actually less time than is required by the remote planets of our system, for the completion of their sidereal year; for the course of the smaller star of  $\eta$  Coronæ is concluded, as we now know, from absolute observation, in forty-three years, and that of  $\zeta$  Cancrî in fifty-five. In other double systems, the rate of motion is either slower, or the orbits of the revolving bodies much more extensive. The period of revolution, for instance, of the lesser star of  $\alpha$  Castoris, is probably not less than 250 years, that of 61 Cygni, about 456, that of  $\gamma$  Virginis, 600, while in the binary system of  $\gamma$  Leonis, a similar movement is not accomplished in less than twelve centuries.

To the subject of star clusters and nebulæ, Sir John Herschel has done justice, to the full extent of the limits within which all speculation and comment, relative to those most wondrous, but most distant firmaments, must, from the imperfection of human sense, no less than of the most powerful means used for its improvement, be necessarily confined. What, indeed, can be satisfactorily asserted with regard to those thronging hosts of glorious suns, which appear to the most far-reaching instruments so closely congregated, as to render the words 'star dust,' 'sandheaps of stars,' 'star streams,' and 'compact galaxies,' terms which the astronomer intends to be received in their strict and literal import—or what of those still mightier, and yet more mysterious systems, situated in depths which the imagination of man, to say nothing of the adventurous sounding-line of science, has not yet essayed to fathom; so vast, that their dim and confused outlines continue to occupy considerable spaces in our heavens, though the blaze of their innumerable suns is reduced to the appearance of a feebly luminous mist; so remote, that in some instances, such light as they supply to our eyes is roughly conjectured to have occupied no less than sixty millions of years in its transit. Yet even in this difficult and unpromising region of research, one of the most signal triumphs ever effected by scientific zeal and activity has recently been achieved, in the demonstration, that among those nebulæ which once presented no change of aspect, when examined by the most powerful telescopes, which the

ingenuity of man, backed by the munificence of monarchs, could produce, many are resolvable into constituent stars; while in others such marked alterations have been produced, as to leave but little doubt of the possibility of their resolution by optical instruments of sufficient light and power. The result of the application of Lord Rosse's great telescope to the famous nebula in Orion is now universally known—as well as the almost universal abandonment, in consequence, by men of science, of the celebrated and plausible theory once widely received under the name of the nebular hypothesis; which saw in most of the dimly-shining spots and patches, lying beyond the confines of our galaxy, mere aggregations of luminous matter, gradually condensing into new worlds. As to the dynamical laws which conduce to the stability of starry clusters, especially those which afford the best instance of what is called sidereal aggregation, or condensation about a common centre, it is impossible to pronounce any opinion which can bear the test of rigid argument; and ages must probably pass away before any light is thrown upon their movements by actual observation. Sir John Herschel even hints the prevalence in such systems of a central attraction, varying directly as the distance. Even less is likely to be known of those nebulae, which have hitherto proved intractable beneath the highest and most penetrating telescopic power, or of which the most luminous portions alone have been partially resolved by the great telescope of Parsonstown; for the immense variety and diversity of shape which they assume is not only such as to render any common theoretic solution of the forces by which their constituent parts are governed impossible, but even to defy anything like classification; some being circular, others elliptical, many mere bands, the extremities of which terminate in microscopic stars; not a few bifurcated, and some annular; while a vast number appear mere faint and indefinite streaks, to which no regular form whatever can be assigned. The nebula noticed by Milton, whom, indeed, no object of astronomical interest seems to have escaped, as—

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‘The fleecy star, which bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond the horizon,’\*

appears to recent observation of a most complicated character, containing, among other eccentric features, ‘two perfectly straight, narrow, and comparatively, or totally obscure streaks, which run nearly the whole length of one side of the nebula, and nearly parallel to its larger axis.’ But the greatest difficulty

\* *Paradise Lost*, iii. 560.



in the way of the study of the only partially resolvable nebulae is to be found in the fact, that, when examined by telescopes of different powers, they are found to present the most singular changes of aspect. Thus, what is generally known by the name of the dumb-bell nebula, the famous 57th of Messier, a system apparently of a well-defined and regular shape, while viewed by Sir John Herschel's highest power, affords, according to Professor Nichol, when exposed to the six-foot mirror of Lord Rosse, 'neither distinctness, nor completeness of form, but a strange mass, internally most irregular, clustering apparently round two principal nuclei, or knots of stars, and presenting, where it merges into the dark, the utmost indefiniteness of outline.' The alterations arising from the application of greater power and light, in the instance of a yet more celebrated nebula, which was once cited by astronomers as an analogue to our own system, on the extreme verge of the visible universe, are equally remarkable.

'The 51st nebula of Messier, viewed through an eighteen-inch reflector, presents the appearance of a large and bright globular nebula, surrounded by a ring at a considerable distance from the globe, very unequal in the brightness of its different parts, and subdivided through about two-fifths of its circumference, as if into two laminae, one of which appears as if turned up towards the eye, out of the plane of the rest. Near it, at about a radius of the ring distant, is a small bright round nebula. Viewed through the six-feet reflector of Lord Rosse, the aspect is much altered. The interior, or what appeared the up-turned portion of the ring, assumes the aspect of a nebulous coil, or convolution, tending, in a spiral form, towards the centre; and a general tendency to a spheroid arrangement of the streaks of nebula connecting the ring and central mass, which this power brings into view, becomes apparent, and forms a very striking feature.\* The outlying nebula is also perceived to be connected by a narrow and curved band of nebulous light with the ring; and the whole, if not clearly resolved into stars, has a revolvable character which evidently indicates its composition.' —P. 607.

But, unquestionably, the most anomalous objects observable in the heavens, are the systems classed under the head of Planetary Nebula. The description of these, as a closing extract, we also give in the words of the astronomer, who is, perhaps, of all men living, the best acquainted with their aspects:—

'Planetary nebulae are very extraordinary objects. They have, as their name imports, a near, in some instances, a perfect resemblance to planets, presenting discs round or slightly oval, in some quite sharply

\* From a report by Lord Rosse, read by Dr. Robinson at the late meeting of the British Association, this spiral arrangement seems to be shared by several other nebulae; among others by H 604, H 854, H 838, M 97, and H 2205.

terminated, in others a little hazy, or softened at the borders. Their light is in some perfectly equable, in others mottled and of a very peculiar texture, as if curdled. They are comparatively rare objects, not above four or five and twenty having been hitherto observed, and of these, nearly three-fourths are situated in the southern hemisphere. Among these may be more particularly specified the sixth in order, situated in the Cross. Its light is about equal to that of a star of the 6.7 magnitude; its diameter about twelve minutes; its disc circular, or very slightly elliptic, and with a clear, sharp, well-defined outline, having exactly the appearance of a planet, with the exception only of its colour, which is a fine and full blue, verging somewhat upon green. The largest of these objects is situated somewhat south of the parallel of  $\beta$  Ursæ Majoris, and about twelve minutes following that star. Its apparent diameter is two minutes forty seconds, which, supposing it placed at a distance from us not more than that of 61 Cygni, would imply a linear one seven times greater than that of the orbit of Neptune.\* The light of this stupendous globe is perfectly equable (except just at the edge, where it is slightly softened), and of considerable brightness. Such an appearance would not be presented by a globular space uniformly filled with stars or luminous matter, which structure would necessarily give rise to an apparent increase of brightness towards the centre in proportion to the thickness traversed by the visual ray. We might, therefore, be induced to conclude its real constitution to be either that of a hollow spherical shell, or of a flat disc presented to us by a highly improbable coincidence in a plane precisely perpendicular to the visual ray.—P. 602.

In concluding our notice of the 'Outlines of Astronomy,' we have but to add, that the chapter devoted to the planetary perturbations, and to the theory of the axes, perihelia, and eccentricities, contains as able expositions of these abstruse subjects, as language could well convey in any terms short of those of the most subtle mathematical demonstration. The same praise may justly be awarded to those divisions of the work relating to inequalities independent of the eccentricities—the annual equation and secular acceleration of the moon—the perplexing phenomena of the tides—the long inequalities of Venus and the earth, of Jupiter and Saturn—and the perturbations of Uranus, resulting in the recent splendid discovery of Leverrier and Adams. Upon all these points, even the mature astronomer may gather fresh information, while to the intelligent student the instructions communicated will prove invaluable as common-sense explanations of the principles upon which these wonder-working formulæ, productive of such extraordinary results in extending the sphere

\* From recent observations made by Lord Rosse's telescope, it turns out that a well-known planetary nebula in Aquarius H 2098 is ansated, thus presenting a singular resemblance to our own Saturnian system, with this difference, that what may be considered the constituent particles of the nebulous globe and ring, are possibly suns.

of human knowledge, are constructed. It is difficult, indeed, to imagine any class of readers to whom the highest moral, as well as intellectual benefit may not be expected to result from an acquaintance with this masterly treatise upon the grandest of all the physical sciences. Upon the chief recommendation of astronomical studies—their tendency to exalt the noblest faculty of our imperfect nature—we need not at the present moment enlarge. Confronted at every step with awful infinities, with the majestic exhibitions of an all-pervading power, with the proofs of a wisdom surpassing wonder, and as beneficent as it is universal, it cannot excite surprise that science should almost invariably merge into deep and profound adoration, when summing up the result of its investigations in relation to the principles by which countless worlds and systems are kept in a condition of secure equilibrium and perfect adjustment. Still less is it to be expected that any but one feeling can result from an acquaintance with the vastness and glory of but a portion of those ‘many mansions,’ in which it is probable that purer intelligences, perhaps numbering among them multitudes who have once struggled against the sorrows and temptations of human life, are elevated to the contemplation of profounder depths of contrivance, and more intricate combinations of benevolent foresight, than could either be comprehended by earthly faculties, or rendered obvious to mortal sense. If, indeed, there are instances known of individual minds, which have failed to recognise the mighty presence of Deity in the faultless mechanism of the heavens, or to acknowledge the finger of God in the tracing of those laws of exact proportion and ready compensation, the characters of which are luminous worlds, it is because, among the many varieties into which the human race may, as thinking beings, be divided, there exists an order of intellect sufficiently powerful in other respects, but wholly incapable of reasoning from effect to cause; or because, among other psychical anomalies, we occasionally meet with men, with whom any excess of evidence is accompanied by a proportionate insensibility to the inferences it necessarily suggests; just as in certain material organizations, that very brightness of day, which to others is essential for the purpose of perfect vision, produces only indistinctness and obscurity of sight.

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ART. V.—*Narrative of an Expedition into Central Australia, performed under the authority of Her Majesty's Government, during the years 1844-5-6, together with a Notice of the Province of South Australia, in 1847-8.* By Captain Charles Sturt, F.L.S., F.R.G.S. London: T. and W. Boone. 1849.

THE theory maintained by many geographers, that the waters of more than one inland sea spread themselves over the interior of the great Australian continent, is agreeable to the imagination, at the same time that it is not opposed to reason. Supposing, with numerous travellers, that this, the largest island on the globe, consisted formerly of an archipelago, converted into one surface by some violent convulsion of the earth, it appears not unreasonable to conjecture, that in the far interior, barriered by those vast deserts which have hitherto opposed the progress of the explorer, there may exist seas of greater or less extent, which roll their waters, perhaps on green and fertile shores, perhaps on barren wastes, unpeopled and destitute of beauty. This, however, remains a problem, to be solved by the enterprise of future years. Captain Sturt entertains a strong belief in the soundness of the theory, and, moreover, supports his opinion by a variety of powerful and original arguments, to which we are inclined to pay some deference; the more so, perhaps, because they are not put forward in a tone which demands, rather than invites, concurrence. Our author does not commit the too common error of mistaking assertion for proof, and arguing upon facts which have not yet been demonstrated to be facts. We, therefore, listen to him with pleasure, whilst he enunciates his theory of the centre of Australia, which he had for years made the subject of his study before endeavouring, practically, to demonstrate the correctness of his views. Convinced, however, that, although the character of the unknown interior might not prove to be what he anticipated, it was yet well worthy to be explored, Captain Sturt, in January, 1843, wrote to the colonial authorities, offering to lead an expedition towards the centre of the continent. That offer was without delay accepted, and in a few months, the party of explorers left Adelaide, pushed on to Moorundi, joined there the heavier portion of the train, turned the great bend of the Murray, and commenced the advance towards the interior. It must be remembered that, starting from Adelaide, which is situated on the eastern shore of Gulf St. Vincent, on the southern coast of Australia, the expedition took a north-easterly course as far as Cawndilla, on the river Darling, and then proceeding

towards the barrier range, entered on the journey towards the north-west. Over a large portion of the country traversed we shall not accompany our travellers. Our observations shall be confined chiefly to the less-known region, across which the explorers wended their slow and arduous way.

Parnari is a round shallow valley, of small extent, covered with green vegetation, and fringed with trees of graceful foliage. A pond of clear water lies in the centre, and around this, a most grateful sight to the eye of the Australian traveller, the expedition encamped on the evening of the 29th of October, 1844. Some beautiful plants found growing in the bed of the creek afforded considerable satisfaction to the botanist, whilst three natives, surprised, as they slept by the side of the water, enabled Captain Sturt to form an idea of the conformation of the surrounding tribes. They were short, stout, well-made men, active and intelligent. They could, however, give no account of the country, but departed, after sleeping in the tents, saying that they should return with several companions, a promise which was never fulfilled. At Parnari we shall commence our brief narrative.

Leaving the water-hole, the expedition proceeded across a level country, scantily covered with verdure, and varied occasionally by clumps of the graceful acacia, of which an entirely new species was discovered. A few gum-trees alone flourished by the side of these hardy groves of the desert. Stony hills succeeded, alternating with broad grassy valleys, whose slopes were clothed with a dense mass of shrubs. It was already evident that the greatest obstacle to the explorers' progress would consist of the want of water, and accordingly, as they lengthened the distance from the coast, each of the party, by digging, by careful search, and by every other means, sought to discover where the precious treasure existed. Occasionally the natives reported the existence of a creek in some deep valley, on arriving at which, the pool was found to be dry, whilst the clyanthus, with its magnificent blossoms, ran along its broad and gravelly bed. On the 12th of November, they began to enter upon the interminable pine ridges, where the ground, covered with hard and shrubby plants, became difficult for the feet of the horses and oxen. The march through the deep gorge of the rocky glen, was one which the inhabitants of that wild region had certainly never before witnessed. The heavy creaking drays, which, with their broad wheels, cut a deep rut across the desert, the bullocks, with their drovers, the flock of two hundred sheep, the party on horse-back, these formed a spectacle which the natives, timid as they were, beheld with wonder from their hiding-places. The train pursued its way, now lost to sight among the gorges of the hills, now traversing the slopes of a valley, now toiling over sand heights—occa-

sionally observed in the gloom of a pine forest—but still oftener proceeding across wide level plains, whose monotony was as wearisome as their surface was destitute of vegetation.

Scarce as water was, and great as was the consumption of it by the cattle, it may be conceived with what pleasure the explorers, after sending out one of their assistants, Robert Hood, received from him the report of an extensive creek in the neighbourhood, which was called after his name. Everything in the vicinity of this place looked fresh and vigorous. Tall and luxuriant grass waved on the banks, several species of indigenous grain, such as wheat, rye, and oats, were ripening in the sun, and by the side of these grew the blue and purple vetch. The day succeeding their arrival at this spot was one of excessive heat. The light poured down in burning brightness upon the plains, though Hood's creek, shaded by rocks, hills, and trees, afforded a comparatively cool retreat. The place appeared well fitted for the residence of a native tribe. There was no want of game, even of the larger kind, as emus and kangaroos, whilst the eggs of innumerable birds abounded. Few, however, of the aborigines made their appearance, and of these few, none could afford any information concerning the interior. One morning, Captain Sturt, having encountered a native woman, near the creek, and expressed to her his desire that her companions should visit him, she departed, and, an hour and a half afterwards, seven blacks were observed approaching the camp. They came, hanging their heads, their eyes fixed on the ground, with the melancholy and solemnity of a funeral procession. Arrived at the tents, they sat down beneath a tree, trembling, and casting timid glances at the strange white men, in obedience to whose mandate they had come. Everything appeared wonderful to them; the few trifling presents they received were looked upon with the utmost curiosity; whilst the breakfast of which they partook with much heartiness, seemed a feast fit for the gods. They could, however, describe nothing of the country, and were soon observed cautiously stealing off to seek their own encampment.

Leaving the tents on the morning of the 13th of December, Captain Sturt, with one or two companions, undertook a short excursion to the eastward, to ascertain the nature of the district. Extensive plains, apparently without limit, covered partly with grass, and partly with dense black scrub, stretched away towards all points of the compass, except where the lofty head of Mount Lyell, dimly visible, rose against the sky, many miles to the north-east. Towards this the travellers directed their course; traversing the beds of several dry lagoons, and penetrating occasionally into small pine and acacia forests, they reached its foot, and ultimately its summit, on the afternoon of the 15th. Thence



they had hoped to discover signs of some more favoured region. The result was disappointment. The same gloomy plain, varied only by dark masses of forest, and uninteresting sand ridges, met the eye. No stream or creek sparkled on that dry monotonous expanse. The mountain itself was naked as a rock, save where the tall brown pine-tree shot up from some deep ravine, or crowned the summits of the ridges. Clearly, therefore, the expedition was fortunate in its encampment at Hood's creek, whither Captain Sturt immediately returned, and found that the wheels of the drays were so shrunk by heat as to require considerable repair.

A delay was therefore occasioned, and a fire which burst out in one of the vehicles further retarded the progress. However, they at length took leave of Hood's creek, and entered upon the vast sweep of land across which they were to pursue their journey. It would be difficult to describe the obstacles they encountered, the sufferings they endured. Fearing the total exhaustion of water, men were constantly employed in the search for wells or creeks. Sometimes night overtook these wanderers, who could scarcely, by the aid of signal fires, be kept together; once or twice some exhausted animal fell and perished of thirst; and one night, especially, being entangled in a wild pine forest, full of pits, and crossed and recrossed in all directions by sand ridges, our author saw nothing before him but failure and calamity. However, cheered by the shoutings of his companions, now and then catching a distant glimpse of some signal fire burning brightly on the plain, and enlivened by the notes of many curious and beautiful birds, he at length emerged from his perilous position, and regained the open country.

The native dwellings which were occasionally seen in the course of this portion of the journey, were of singular and most primitive construction. They were all arched elliptically by bending the bough of a tree of a certain height from the ground, and resting the other end on a forked stick at the other side of the semi-arch. A thick layer of boughs was then put over the roof and back, on which there was also a coating of red clay, so that the hut was impervious to wind or heat. These dwellings were large, and not destitute of comfort. By the side of each was another of smaller size, but similar construction. They had all been well swept by the owners previous to their departure. None of the aborigines were seen in the neighbourhood. It was evident they were alarmed by the apparition of the expedition, as it wended its way across their native plains, enlivening every pleasant spot, where pasture and water could be obtained, with the bright fires and merry sounds of the bivouac. The flight of the blacks had been precipitate, for blazing heaps were

found, in many cases, still burning, whilst in others the hot ashes showed that the spot had been occupied within a very brief period. The habitations we have alluded to must have been the work of some superior tribe, for those which the travellers saw after pushing forward for a few miles, were inferior to them in every sense. A few boughs, stuck in a circle in the ground, brought together at the top, and covered with two coatings, one of grass and leaves, and another of well-worked clay, constituted the dwelling, which was not more than eight feet in diameter, and four feet and a half in height. All the huts faced the north-west—a circumstance observed in every native village—and each had a smaller one attached to it. They are not occupied during the whole year, but serve as a retreat during the rainy and cold season. Some native encampments were seen, on one occasion, by Captain Sturt, who proposed visiting them; but before he could accomplish this design the blacks had taken the alarm, gathered up their valuables, and disappeared across the plain.

On the 27th of January the expedition arrived at the entrance of a deep rocky glen, and here, on the banks of a creek, containing fine clear water, and shaded by trees and cliffs, they selected the ground for encampment. It was a desirable situation, but the travellers were weary of it before they bade it farewell.

‘We pitched our tents,’ says Captain Sturt, ‘at the place which I shall henceforward call the “Depôt,” on the 27th of January, 1845. They were not struck again until the 17th of July following.

‘This ruinous detention paralyzed the efforts, and enervated the strength, of the expedition, by constitutionally affecting both the men and animals, and depriving them of the elasticity and energy with which they commenced their labours. It was not, however, until after we had run down every creek in our neighbourhood, and had traversed the country in every direction, that the truth flashed upon my mind, and it became evident to me that we were locked up in the desolate and heated region into which we had penetrated as effectually as if we had wintered at the Pole. It was long, indeed, ere I could bring myself to believe that so great a misfortune had overtaken us, but so it was. Providence had, in its all-wise purposes, guided us to the only spot, in that wide-spread desert, where our wants could have been permanently supplied; but had there stayed our further progress into a region that almost appears to be forbidden ground.

‘The immediate effect, however, of our arrival at the “Depôt,” was to relieve my mind from anxiety as to the safety of the party. There was now no fear of our encountering difficulties, and, perhaps, perishing from the want of that life-sustaining element, without which our efforts would have been unavailing; for, independently of the beautiful sheet of water on the banks of which the camp was established, there was a small lagoon near us.’—Vol. i. p. 264.

A few excursions, undertaken with the view of ascertaining

the character of the surrounding country, served to vary the monotony of life at Dépôt Glen. We cannot pause to accompany Captain Sturt in all these little journeys, though fully sympathizing with him in the sufferings he endured, the labours he underwent, and the perils which he not unfrequently encountered. On one occasion, however, a very interesting journey was made, along the bed of the creek, now almost dry, except where some water remained in a hollow. On either bank the marks of native fires extended in two continuous lines, whilst at a spot where a tree of beautiful foliage threw its shadow over a deep glassy pond, a solitary hut was discovered tenantless, but containing some few valuables, among others, a piece of red ochre. The owner must have fled suddenly at the approach of the explorers, for the hut was quite new, and bore evident marks of recent occupation. Travelling along the bed of the creek, and emerging upon a plain surrounded by low sand-hills, Captain Sturt at length entered a pretty, well-wooded, but confined valley, across which he observed something like a white wall, running from side to side; upon closer examination, it proved to be a high bank of brilliantly white clay, against which the water eddied with considerable force, and, at a point where a channel had been worn away, appeared to pour over into some receptacle beyond.

A singular sight was presented on the other side of the ridge. A beautiful park-like plain, covered with grass, dotted with ornamental groups of trees, and adorned with the richest verdure, lay before them. It was of a circular shape, not more than eight miles in circumference, and encircled as with a rim, by the extraordinary bank of white clay, visible behind the pretty line of gum-trees which ran round the whole space. Altogether, Captain Sturt designates this as a spot of most singular beauty. Its richness was more apparent from the sterility extending around it, and the curious manner in which it was hemmed in, and partitioned off from the rest of the plain. Leaving Grassy Park, delighted at having enjoyed its sight, the party pushed forward, without, however, remarking any unusual features in the aspect of the district, and ultimately returned to the camp. Hence, Captain Sturt again started to explore the region lying between Dépôt Glen and the Darling, which now flowed considerably to the eastward. The expedition had worked its way steadily, if not rapidly, towards the north-west, and would, as soon as the season allowed of its advancing, continually widen the distance between its path and the course of the river. One unexpected discovery was made during the early progress of this excursion. This consisted of a sheet of water, a quarter of a mile in length, surrounded by an expanse of light-coloured soil, well fitted for culture, and clothed with a fine shrubbery, among which several



new plants were found. Halting here, and extending his gaze over the wide grassy plains, stretching away to the south, Captain Sturt observed the smoke of a native encampment, on the far verge of the landscape, and resolved, on the following day, to proceed in that direction.

In the morning it was observed, that the smoke rose from a spot somewhat more to the eastward than it appeared to be on the night before. From its volume, density, and colour, Captain Sturt conjectured that the bush must be on fire, and rode rapidly to ascertain the fact. Large heaps of grass that had been thrashed out by the natives, dotted the plain, which had evidently lain under a flood, not long since. About noon he arrived at a long shallow sheet of water, belted by two dense masses of polygorum, a portion of which was on fire. Two native huts stood by the pool, and close to them an aged woman reposed on the ground, asleep. Several women and children were observed endeavouring to secrete themselves behind the brush. These, however, at perceiving that our travellers, far from injuring their companion, had presented her with five or six cockatoos as a peace-offering, came forth from their retreat, and advanced timidly towards the white man.

‘Finding that the men were out hunting, and only the women with the children, I determined to stop at this place until the following morning; we therefore unloaded the horses, and allowed them to go and feed. A little before sunset, the two men returned to their families. They were much surprised at seeing us seated quietly before their huts, and approached us with some caution, but soon got reconciled to our presence. One of them had caught a talpero and a lizard, but the other had not killed anything, so we gave him a dinner of mutton. The language of these people was a mixture between that of the river and hill tribe; but, from what reason I am unable to say, although we understood their answers to general questions, we could not gather any lengthened information from them. I gave the elder native a blanket, and the other a knife, with both of which they appeared highly delighted. They were very poor; nor do I think that at this season of the year they can have much animal food of any kind to subsist on. Their principal food appeared to be seeds of various kinds, as of the box-tree, and grass seeds, which they pound into cakes, and bake, together with different kinds of roots.’—*Ib.* p. 295.

During another visit, which Captain Sturt subsequently paid to the squatters in the wilderness, the party was joined by two other natives, who had been driven from the south by the want of water. The sun, they said, had taken it all; there was not a drop left in the land, not even in the eastern districts. These blacks were sociable and friendly, and, after a third visit, Captain Sturt parted from them on exceedingly good terms. It was

seldom that this proved to be the case, since their timidity mostly deterred the aborigines from approaching the strangers. On one occasion, Mr. Browne, the surgeon of the expedition, whilst riding up the slope of a broad, sandy undulation, noticed a native stealing through the brushwood, and galloped towards him, calling out to him to stop. The man paused, with fear depicted in his face. Just then the horse neighed loudly, and so terrified the poor black, that bounding away, he succeeded so adroitly in secreting himself, that the traveller could find no traces of him. The natives, indeed, whom the party encountered, appeared of various characters. Some few were confident and curious, others timid as the hare, others crafty and thievish; while a few assumed threatening airs, and endeavoured to scare away the intruders by violent gestures. Altogether, there is perhaps no race of savages in the world so wild, so untaught, so destitute of the knowledge necessary to a life of comfort, so utterly primitive, so near the real state of nature, as those of the aboriginal inhabitants of interior Australia. Their miserable dwellings, without attempt at furniture, sometimes only allowing the inmate to crawl in like a reptile to sleep on the bare earth; their food; the almost total absence of clothing; the wild, roving life; the neglect of the soil; the wretched state of poverty in which they exist; all these serve to place them almost below the standard of every other race. We find the rude tribes inhabiting the wildest provinces of Africa more skilled in the arts of civilization, humble as that civilization is among them, than the utterly savage nomades of Southern Australia.

Want of water drove the party back to the creek in Dépôt Glen, before it had otherwise intended to return. Here the heat appeared to increase, rather than diminish. For weeks had they watched for indications of rain, but none descended. A few seeds planted close to the water, appeared above ground, but were immediately scorched to cinders by the rays of the thirsty sun. The earth was baked to the depth of four feet. The instruments were injured; the lead dropped from the pencils; horn combs were split into delicate laminæ; the sheep's wool ceased to grow. All this while the water in the creek was sensibly diminishing under the influence of heat, and from the constant consumption by men and animals. Drainage had, of course, entirely ceased, so that, although its total exhaustion was not probable, Captain Sturt confesses to have looked with considerable anxiety upon the daily lessening pool. From observations made during excursions to the eastward, and in other directions, it was evident that rain had fallen on the distant mountains; the clouds observed drifting over them were eagerly watched, in the hope that some might pass over this dried waste, and afford

a chance for the travellers' further progress; but the sky remained unchanged, wearing the same clear and cloudless aspect, without variation, except when at distant intervals some brilliant meteor shot across the heavens, and, in bursting, seemed to diffuse a shower of stars around.

Few natives approached the spot where the exploring party was thus imprisoned. Those that came were treated with kindness, but could never be induced to return. One afternoon, however, a solitary black, who had probably heard from his companions of the existence of the camp in the glen, approached, apparently driven thither by hunger and thirst. Assailed by the dogs, he defended himself manfully, until assisted, and broke his waddy, or club, in the contest.

'He was an emaciated and elderly man, rather low in stature, and half dead with hunger and thirst; he drank copiously of the water that was offered him, and then ate as much as would have served me for four-and-twenty dinners. The men made him up a screen of boughs close to the cart, near the servants, and I gave him a blanket in which he rolled himself up, and soon fell fast asleep. Whence this solitary stranger could have come, we could not divine. No other natives approached to look after him, nor did he show anxiety for any absent companion. His composure and apparent self-possession were very remarkable, for he neither exhibited astonishment nor curiosity at the novelties by which he was surrounded.'—Vol. iv. p. 315.

This man remained some time with the party. He was shown all the wonders of the camp, and in return strongly excited the curiosity and eagerness of the travellers by what he told them. Seeing the boat, he remarked that he knew its use, and pointed to the north-west, saying, that away in that direction there were vast waters for it to float upon, full of fish so large that they could not pass through the meshes of the sheep-net. When questioned as to the extent of the water, he indicated that it was broad, very broad, and deep; that waves higher than his head broke upon the shore. Being shown a number of plates representing fish, he recognised several which exist in the sea. Altogether his account excited hopes in the breasts of the explorers. Captain Sturt saw in it a corroboration of his theory of the inland seas of Central Australia, and ardently desired the day which should enable him to proceed. But the native, declaring his readiness to accompany the expedition, said there would be no rain, that water had disappeared from the country, and that they must wait patiently. Everywhere it was evident that great floods had covered the earth—floods which had committed great ravages, heaping up ridges, and breaking through rocky barriers; but the element which left these marks of its power was



nowhere to be found, save in the quiet little pool at the bottom of the glen.

The old man left the camp on the 17th of May, and his departure was felt as a misfortune. It appeared that he knew the country, and would have been of considerable service to the expedition, but, though he gave a promise to return, he was never seen again, having probably perished for want of water, in his endeavours to seek his kindred. That solitary savage had already won the friendship of many of the travellers by his gentle, yet manly deportment, and, now that he was gone, they felt that they were indeed strangers in a wild and dreary land. The weather now underwent a complete change; cold winds blew; an occasional thunder-storm broke in the distance, and it became so chilly that it was necessary to keep fires burning constantly before the tents. The axe, therefore, made great havoc among the picturesque lines of gum-trees which adorned the creek, whilst the horses, oxen, and sheep, had shorn the earth, for a considerable space round the glen, of every blade of verdure.

It may readily be conceived, therefore, with what joy the explorers, on the night of the 11th of June, heard the ripple of a little stream, which in the morning was found to have increased, by five inches, the depth of water in the creek. On the next day one of the cattle-drovers, in returning to the camp, heard a noise as of water foaming through some deep channel, and, on entering a gorge, saw an eddying and furious torrent rushing down between the rocks. This was a pleasant sight, for it gave promise of success. It was apparent that heavy rains had fallen among the mountains, and in a day or two the creek, throughout whose long extent there had been but a few pools, was filled to its brim with water. There was now no reason for further delay. Mr. Poole, however, the assistant in the expedition, had been suffering from a severe illness, and it was determined to send him home, with seven men, whose absence would considerably decrease the consumption of provisions and water of the advancing explorers. The party, therefore, separated; one division commenced the homeward march, the other pushed on for the north-west. Melancholy news, however, soon reached Captain Sturt. A messenger overtook him with the intelligence of the death of Mr. Poole, and he turned back to assist at the funeral of his unfortunate friend.

Beneath the shade of a *Grevillia*, and marked by a pyramid of stones twenty-one feet across at the base, and eighteen feet in height, the grave was dug. The remains of the ill-fated traveller were deposited in it, and, with this melancholy event fresh in his mind, Captain Sturt again set forward on his journey. It was a fitting close, he says, to the long and dreary residence at Dépôt

Glen. To future explorers it will be a landmark, a cheerless and melancholy record of former failures. As they advanced, the country became more varied in appearance, and wore a fresher aspect, though surface-water was still very scarce. Numerous parties of natives were encountered. They were generally timid, and appeared alarmed at the sight of the white men; but, on one occasion, fourteen of them, armed with long spears, and standing in a circle, steadily awaited the approach of the train, perhaps meditating a furious resistance in case of attack. However, it is to be noticed that no hostile collision ever took place, for which we have to compliment Captain Sturt, since it was principally owing to his cautious judgment, and conciliatory manners, that such a collision was invariably avoided.

On the 4th of August Lake Torrens, with its broad sheets of brine, blue as indigo, unfolded itself to the travellers' view. The aspect of this singular place is represented in one of the singularly beautiful plates which illustrate these volumes. We cannot pause to accompany Captain Sturt in his description of it, as our space is drawing in, and the narrative is as yet far from being at an end. Some of the natives who visited the nightly camps appeared to relish nothing more than the suppers with which they were regaled. Two of them, having been well feasted without being able to afford any information, proposed bringing other natives to taste the mutton, a promise which they did not fail to fulfil. These encounters with the white men must have formed an era in the lives of the poor Australian aborigines.

Accompanied, as it was, by heavy vehicles and other incumbrances, Captain Sturt having arrived at a point beyond which the difficulties of the country appeared to increase, while water became every day more scarce, felt satisfied that it would be dangerous to venture further with the whole expedition. Accordingly, having selected an eligible position on a hill, dotted with a few native huts, with a clear sheet of water, shaded by luxuriant trees, and commanding a view of fine pasture land, he determined to pitch the tents there. This was done, and arrangements made for its defence in case of an attack. In the meanwhile our author, with a few companions, hastened on. To describe the country over which he passed is impossible. It was so varied that a mere catalogue of its features would occupy far more space than we can allow. The changes from sloping pastures to flat grassy plains, or barren wastes, or wooded lands, threaded with pretty creeks, and adorned with groves and thickets, or valleys, or sandy hills, were so sudden and frequent, that it would be difficult to enumerate them. We, therefore, hurry on until we find Captain Sturt riding, in a north-westerly direction, over open ground towards those dark figures which he saw moving to

and fro in the distance, which proved to be women gathering seeds. They did not perceive the strangers until close to them, and then astonishment appeared to have petrified them. On being asked, by signs, if there were any water near, they pointed to the west. One of the women, who appeared to belong to a different race, had a jet black skin, and long, black, glossy ringlets. Her companions intimated that the travellers might take her away, but they not appearing inclined to do so, the women continued their occupation, humming a melancholy dirge. Captain Sturt then left them, and proceeded in the direction where he had been informed there was water. On seeing this the harvesters became instantly alarmed, and followed at a distance. Presently they reached a line of gum-trees, descended into the bed of a dry creek, advanced to a sand-hill on the other side, and there found two native huts made of boughs, before which some children were playing. At the sight of the strangers they popped into the huts like rabbits. A pool of water was near, and, reluctant to rob the poor creatures of their treasure, our author sent a man to search if there were no more near, but he failed. The horses were, therefore, unsaddled and the travellers sat down.

‘The women, who had kept us in sight, were then at their huts, to which Mr. Browne and I walked. In addition to the women and children, there was an old man with hair as white as snow. As I have observed, there was a sand-hill at the back of the huts, and as we were trying to make ourselves understood by the women, a native made his appearance over it; he was painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and armed to the teeth with spear and shield. Great was the surprise and indignation of this warrior on seeing that we had taken possession of his camp and water. He came fearlessly down the hill, and by signs ordered us to depart, threatening to go for his tribe to kill us all; but seeing that his anger only made us smile, he sat down and sulked. I really respected the native’s bravery, and question much if I should have shown equal spirit in a similar situation.’—Vol. i. p. 369.

Leaving the black warrior for a while, the travellers walked to some distance, with the intention of returning, when his anger had somewhat cooled, to make him a few presents. However, on arriving at the spot, they found that he, with his family, had disappeared, and did not come to the neighbourhood again. Advancing, for several days, over sandy ridges, alternating with scrubby flats, they at length reached the summit of a hill, whence they could obtain a clear view of the country beyond. An immense plain, of dark purple hue, stretched away to the south and north-east; while to the west, a succession of sandy ridges sloped down and lost themselves in the level expanse, like so many headlands projecting into the sea. A line of low trees extended far away



to the north-east, where, upon the point of a conical elevation, the rays of the sun seemed to collect and glitter with universal brilliancy. The Stony Desert, in fact, lay beyond, and across it the explorers prepared to push their way. The first night spent in this flinty wilderness, was passed on a little green oasis, upon whose scanty herbage the horses fed, the hard rough plain which extended on all sides forming a sufficient barrier to prevent them from straying.

During the passage across this inhospitable region, Captain Sturt could find but two or three spots where a scanty growth of grass afforded pasture for the animals. It was, in every respect, a desert, desolate, waterless, without beauty, without vegetation, naked as the icy plains of the north, and possessing none of their features of attraction. At length, having traversed the stony region, they entered once more among the interminable sand ridges, whose undeviating regularity forms a most remarkable feature in the landscape of Australia. They run in parallel lines from the coast provinces towards the heart of the interior, and after an interval of fifty miles, recommencing with precisely the same angles, continue to rib the wilderness beyond. If the reader can imagine the section of a huge wheel, as large as that portion of the Australian continent, he may compare the sand ridges to the spokes, all tending regularly to the centre.

We must, however, pause. Had space permitted, we should have been glad to accompany Captain Sturt through the forest of birds, among the rude villages of the interior, across the dangerous plains, which he traversed with so much difficulty, over the grassy woodlands, and through the deep valleys, until arriving at a barren plain, covered with spinifex, and destitute of water, he was at length forced to the conviction, that further progress was impossible. But we cannot allow ourselves to do this. On the 8th of September, he attained the furthest point which it was possible for him, under the circumstances, to reach, and reluctantly turned his back on the centre of Australia. We can enter into his feelings of disappointment. But he had accomplished much, and it was not his fault that he did not accomplish more. Through the fatigues and perils of the homeward journey, we cannot follow him. Perhaps our readers may feel interested in the work, and may be induced to read the account of it for themselves. In that case, we feel sure they will not be disappointed, for the volumes are possessed of deep interest, and not unworthy of a place among the most celebrated narratives of modern travel.

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ART. VI.—*Man Primeval; or, the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being: a Contribution to Theological Science.* By John Harris, D.D. 8vo. London: Ward and Co. 1849.

IN reviewing the first volume of this series of 'Contributions to Theological Science,' we laid before our readers the general outline of the scheme, with as comprehensive an analysis as our limits allowed, of the contents of 'The Pre-Adamite Earth.'\*

We do not presume that the few suggestions we then offered on some parts of that composition have had any effect on the volume now before us. Yet it is due to the writer to acknowledge that here we have detected few blemishes, and have no criticisms of that kind to offer. Indeed, the form of the work differs so much from that of the previous one, that we should be tempted to fear lest the thoroughly academic and analytical character which pervades it, should make it less attractive, excepting to those classes of readers who have already paid some degree of serious attention to the very important, though scarcely popular, themes on which the writer professes to dwell. Whatever weight there may be in our recommendation, we honestly say, notwithstanding any strictures which our regard for truth may induce us to make, that we give it to this volume even more cordially than to that which it succeeds.

The same principles, or laws, which had been previously traced in the natural history of the earth and of its ancient races of inhabitants, as illustrated by the discoveries of geology and palæontology, are still kept before us in their higher developments.

As in the first volume we were instructed and delighted with the large amount of physical research which had been made contributory to the writer's theory, so, in the present volume, he carries us forward to the creation of man as constituting *in himself* 'a system of government,' and a manifestation *to himself* of those Divine perfections, which could not have been seen in the objects of our earlier and lower contemplations. Taking his stand at the survey of individual man, the author divides his illustrations of the Divine procedure into three parts:—the end at which the procedure aims; the method employed for the attainment of that end; and the reasons for the employment of that particular method.

With the same felicitous imagination with which the ancient earth had been visited, that visit is now supposed to be repeated,

\* Eclectic Review, February, 1847.

for the purpose of beholding—besides the power, wisdom, and goodness, which pervaded the scenes of inorganic matter, of organized beings, and of animal life—the existence of a new being capable of recognising those perfections; combining in himself all the illustrations of those perfections; becoming their interpreter; possessed of attributes, in some respects, resembling them; and uniting both law and freedom in his own person, as a law to himself, and as the responsible master of his own deeds. For the elucidation of this great fact—the creation of man, and the creation of all other things as they are seen by man, and are subservient to his uses—we are referred to the Mosaic cosmogony. That cosmogony is represented as being in strict analogy with the prevailing character of the Divine arrangements, though not strictly scientific,—and that, for obvious reasons,—yet perfectly *unique* in its literary character, equally free from myth and from speculation; incomparably superior to all other ancient cosmogonies; anticipating, in substance, what philosophy has slowly evolved in detail; ‘too spiritual for materialism to embrace, too personal and substantial for pantheism to dissipate.’—The creating process immediately preparatory to the production of man is referred to as illustrating *the law of continuity* by which the past is carried forward into the future, inasmuch as no new creation of matter is mentioned, and the laws of the pre-Adamite earth, instead of being annulled or superseded, are still apparent in the physical constitution of man. According to *a priori* modes of reasoning from the principles already laid down, it might be expected that the new being would be (in part at least) physical, organic, and endowed with animal powers and functions. This logical expectation is met in the laws of human nutrition and propagation, and in the instincts which man shares with the inferior races. As the hypothesis requires that new laws shall be added to those which have been previously at work, so we here find a higher manifestation of the Divine perfections in the capacity of man to recognise his Creator; in his relations to the world around him; in his sensitive perceptions; in his intellectual apprehensions; in his faculties of reason and will; in his imagination; in his emotions; in his voluntary agency; in his moral judgments; and in his power of communicating with his fellows.\*

Regarding man thus, as occupying the place prepared for him in the social arrangements of the Divine plan, his superiority to

\* In the examination of the human faculties, the writer's views are received by us as suggesting inquiries, rather than as expounding fully the philosophy of man's spiritual nature. The references to angels, as in a former part of the volume to the Bible, appear to us to disturb, rather than help, the course of argument.



the other inhabitants of earth is evinced by the examination of his physical structure, of his essential activity, and of his manifold, complicated, and inexhaustible relations. Concurrently with these human relations, we see a beautiful development of the laws of order, of influence, of subordination, of obligation, and of general uniformity; the system which secures well-being, and which demonstrates dependence on the Creator; the relation of the ultimate facts into which man's history is resolved with necessary truth; the analogy of man's condition with every other part of the Divine manifestation; and the place which, in the actual development of things, is given to man in the midst of the Divine creation.

The universal law of change had been operating in every part of the creation before men appeared. There had been, not merely a physical, but, 'among some members of another race,'\* a moral change. Into this department of being, already disordered, man had come, endowed with a freedom implying the power of sinning, and also with susceptibilities adapted to the consequences of sinning. The probability of human defection, suggested, as the writer intimates, by these powers and susceptibilities, was, further, to be considered along with another probability, namely, that so far from being arbitrarily prevented, the sin of man would become the occasion for a glorious manifestation of the Divine all-sufficiency. Now, as progression is the law of the Divine manifestations, it was antecedently probable that, whenever the occasion should arise, there would be a further development of the Creator's plan.

The probationary state of man, then, his freedom, his dependence, the warnings given him not to abuse his freedom, and his enjoyment of such protection from that evil as was compatible with freedom, actually issued in his fall.

For this 'method' of the Divine manifestation there is a 'reason:' and to the consideration of this 'reason,' we are led in the second part.—In accordance with the general theory, this reason is two-fold;—on one side, having reference to the constitution and well-being of man; and, on the other, to the glory of the Creator in man's destiny. To render possible the science which man was to acquire as the basis of acquaintance with still higher laws, the lessons of creation were adjusted; and that man might learn these lessons, he was endowed with the mental powers by which he was distinguished from the things around him. Being possessed of such powers he became, in addition, the object of his

\* We submit that the word 'race' is not so proper when applied to angels, as it is when applied to man. Whether the etymology or the classical *usus loquendi* be consulted, we think this term is not applicable to angels—unless it be known or presumed that they, like men, are descended from parents.

own knowledge ; and the creation of a second mind presented to him a new field, differing from the material world, and, though not identical with himself, yet resembling his own consciousness. In this spiritual field, consisting of his personal consciousness and of the analogous consciousness of a being with whom he can communicate thoughts and emotions, man finds a series of ultimate facts from which he deduces the philosophy which is deeper than science, and the natural theology which ascends through that philosophy to the knowledge of God himself. That knowledge is expanded by reflecting on his own intelligence, his own emotions, and his own moral freedom. Every thing around him is adapted to the development of his entire constitution, and to exercise at once his sense of freedom, and his feeling of dependence.

Another portion of the 'reason' of the method of revealing the perfections of God relates to the Divine all-sufficiency, and includes the destiny of man. As a merely physical demonstration of all-sufficiency would leave no room for the spontaneous efforts of the human powers, and as the progressive development of the human race is an essential law of the entire scheme, the Divine all-sufficiency is demonstrated by a slow process, embracing all (and by apparent analogy, more than all) that we know of the universe. In this slow progress of demonstration, each separate mind, each generation, each community, and probably each world with its several inhabitants, may be regarded as moving in its own orbit—influenced by, and influencing, others, possessing its own experience ; and contributing its separate portion towards the final result. This variety in unity, or unity in variety, is a permanent and ever-growing display of the inexhaustible power and resources of the Creator.

The disturbance introduced into the moral system by man's voluntary transgression of the Divine law—being assumed as a fact—a fact not belonging to his primary condition, and not dependent on the belief, or disbelief, of the Scriptures—the accordance of that fact with what we know of human nature, and of moral government, is illustrated by considering that there must have been some origin for that probationary law which, under one form or other, we find universally to prevail ; and, further, by showing that the account of that law as first given, which is recorded in the Bible, is in harmony with the great end of the Divine manifestation : since it assured man of his subordinate relation to God, bound him by a special moral obligation to fulfil the duty of obedience, and offered the strongest appeals to his regard for God and for himself, as reasons for compliance. The particular form in which this probationary law was expressed, is congruous with the entire system. The particular act by

which the prohibition was disregarded, was itself a sign of a previous mental revolt from God; and the consequences of that revolt are moral, not arbitrary. The metaphysical possibility of such a mental revolt in a perfect being is beyond our reach.

The self-wrought depravation of man involved no loss of constitutional powers; it lies, essentially, we are told, in the sensitive parts of his nature; and it naturally brings along with it his exposure to the laws of being everywhere around him:—

‘The act which, in itself, was purely indifferent, became in its reaction as a moral evil, intellectually injurious by perverting the understanding, and corporeally injurious by impairing the health. But, directly and primarily, the effects of sin fell on man’s moral nature; and as the primal law was only a declaration of man’s obligation to obey the will of God, accompanied with a statement of the conditional results, so the subsequent sentence was only the exposition of man’s changed condition. It was the announcement that a universal law had come into operation, according to which character and condition are always approximating.’—P. 43.

The effect of man’s fall on his posterity, though belonging to the dispensation following the apostasy (which is to form the theme of a future volume), is considered here as involving no more than that which would have happened if there had been no representative probation in the person of Adam; and every parent is represented as standing, in this respect, in the same relation to the transmission as our first father did. We are all depraved; we are all conscious of personal guilt; we are all mortal; all this we are actually because our first father sinned; ‘on him the consequences fell as a punishment; on his posterity it comes as a legal loss; but the loss only of a sublime possibility; leaving us no more just ground of complaint than as if it (the representative probation), had never existed, and man had been left to his own moral resources.’

The penalties of the first transgression serve to show that the moral law, like every other law, cannot be violated with impunity. They belong to the righteous scheme of the Divine government. That the existence of evil was foreknown, could not affect the freedom of man in sinning. The fact that sin was not prevented, is not a proof that sin was necessary, in the sense of fatality, so that God *could* not prevent it:—neither does it prove the truth of any of the theories which have, from time to time, been proposed for the purpose of solving it; but it does prove that there may be an amount of good which could not have been realized, if sin had never been committed; and the fact appears to the author to be, that sin has not been prevented, because it is capable of being overruled for the purpose of displaying that Divine all-sufficiency against which sin is a protest and a revolt.



Subordinately to this final end, there may be inferior ends, in the complicated relations and diversified orders of moral beings, to be accomplished by that manifestation of Divine perfections for which the sin of man has become the occasion. And, in man's own history, the whole course of the Divine procedure towards him *as a sinner*, assuredly demonstrates his essential dependence on God for his well-being, and furnishes him with ever-increasing motives for seeking that well-being in the perfect agreement of his own will with the will of Him who made him.

The third part is entitled, 'The Ultimate End of the Method.' That ultimate end is,—to prove the all-sufficiency of the Holiness of God.

According to the principles which it is the purpose of this series of treatises to illustrate, 'all the laws and results of the preceding stages of the creation will be found brought forward into the human economy; and all that is characteristic in those lower steps will be carried up into the higher—as far as it may subserve the great end; or unless it should be superseded by something analogous in this higher stage.' The fulfilment of this expectation is seen in the continued exercise of the same divine power which was seen in the pre-Adamite earth. Not only did it continue to uphold the inorganic, organic, and sentient worlds, but it produced 'a new creature, endowed with a power which he is free to use, and from which he is able to infer the power of God.' In like manner, we behold the manifestations of the same Divine wisdom which was previously displayed; and we behold its beautiful contrivances in the means of knowledge with which man is endowed, his power of recognising and classifying relations, his emotions, his will, his conscience, his self-reflection, his memory, his anticipation of the future, his law of habit, his imagination, his fundamental beliefs, and the adaptation of his bodily frame to the higher functions of his mental nature.

The goodness which was exemplified in the earlier stages of creation, is yet more richly exhibited in the constitution of man. His sense of life, the lawful gratification of his appetites, the expansion and progress of his intellectual faculties, his emotions, his self-action, his consciousness of moral rectitude, are sources of enjoyment to the individual; all the instincts of each individual indicate a benevolent provision for the mutual good of society; and the external condition of the first man, and his capability of progressive attainment in all that could render him happy, was, in every respect, favourable to his success in the probation to which he was introduced; and that probation itself was the arrangement of infinite benevolence. Even the non-prevention of his voluntary fall was a result of the Creator's goodness.

The point to which the mind of the reader is conducted at the end of this volume, is fully expressed in the concluding sentences, for which we must refer to the book itself.—We had marked many illustrative passages ; but our space compels us to omit them.

The sketch we have now drawn of the line of argument is offered as a fair, though imperfect, representation of the contents of this volume.—As the design of the series to which it belongs is now more fully brought out, we are, as professed critics, in a better condition than we were two years ago, for laying hold of the author's hypothesis, and for seeing how the hypothesis itself, and the method for unfolding, supporting, and illustrating it, are likely to be regarded by several classes of readers. The design, as we intimated formerly, appears to us, as we are sure it must appear to all meditative persons, to be noble and comprehensive, one that is worthy of the highest and most richly cultivated mind ; and one in which, while it would be scarcely human not, in some respects, to fail, yet a large measure of success may be hoped for when undertaken by a writer possessing the gifts, the acquirements, the habits, and the experience, which are evinced in the disquisitions of which the second is now before us.

Whether there may not be an end even beyond that regarded in these treatises as *the ultimate* end of the Creator, is a question which must have arisen in many minds of a certain order : according to our own apprehensions, and, we doubt not, the author's, there must be :—that is to say, there is in the Divine Intelligence a reason why he should make any manifestation of himself, a reason beginning and ending in himself, as divine and eternal as his ineffable perfections. There is, as we think, an evolution of the Divine nature which belongs essentially to the Divine blessedness ; and this blessedness is infinitely higher than any object which can be spoken of out of God, as The End to be accomplished by the methods whereby it pleases him to manifest himself either *by* or *to* any of the creatures he has made.

High as such a theme is, and incompetent as we are to think of it aright, it commends itself to our most devout contemplation of the ways in which God has made men cognizant of his presence ; and still more to our reverential belief of the truths respecting himself which he has graciously revealed to us through the inspiration of his messengers. As the beginning of all created things is from God, so, also, the end of all created things is in God. It is of his own pleasure that he fixes on creation as a mode of expressing his beautiful, benevolent, and holy thought, makes the creation what it is, includes in it beings who can see him through his works, and, as a portion of his works, can adore him and give him praise.

Believing that it is mainly for these purposes that the human faculties exist, we think it belongs to the healthful exercise of these faculties to trace the accordance of our indestructible convictions with the actual creation of which we perceive that we are a portion, and so to take our place in the appointed series of things, that while we are enlightened, dignified, and blest, He who enlightens, dignifies, and blesses us, may rejoice in the perfectness of his own doings.

In the depths of our minds, our most familiar and spontaneous thoughts relate to things which cannot be seen or touched, or in any way appreciated by the senses. Our *self*; the fact of our having senses, the use we make of them, and the perceptions of external things which we acquire by means of them; the relations which we discover to exist between these external things and our own internal consciousness, and, reciprocally among these external things themselves; the sense of our own power, knowledge, and emotions; the analogies of these with similar attributes in other beings; the assurance of the presence of Him in whom these analogies find their Supreme Type; our conscious regard toward him, and our communion with him by means of these spiritual faculties and helps;—all this is human, certain, characteristic of man; here are the rudiments of all that is either speculative in our conceptions of God, or practical in the homage which it is the perfection of humanity to render at his throne.

From these human and inevitable verities, we ascend to the idea of God.

Logic cannot demonstrate that God *is*; for logic cannot demonstrate that a logician *is*; logic cannot prove that man *is*, or that anything *is*; but, assuming that God *is*—which must be the assumption that some idea of God is a true idea—then logic can demonstrate that this idea, however acquired, whether by intuition, or by teaching, accords with the undeniable laws of human thought. On the basis of human intellection, and proceeding according to its ascertained methods of operation, it can, in like manner, be demonstrated, that a given idea of God harmonizes with other ideas. Since there *is* a Being corresponding to the idea we express when we speak of God, that idea is naturally congruous with some other ideas which it is within the province of the human mind, viewed as a logical power, to unfold; and just as there is a correspondence of the original idea of God with God himself, so, our intellectual nature leads us to expect that other ideas, logically deduced from the original idea, shall, in like manner, correspond with the real experience by which our actual knowledge of the living God is acquired. Upon these logical *Principia* we build our theory of theological manifesta-



tions, just as on the *Principia* enunciated by Newton we build our theory of the physical universe. The correspondence of the intellectual theory with the things that are, is as exact in the one case as in the other; and in both, this correspondence demonstrates that the mental theory, and the external confirmation of it, are equally from Him who created, alike, the conscious mind, and the unconscious universe in which that mind recognises the realization of its own ideas. The ideas of fixing on an end—of manifesting invisible properties with a view to that end—of continuity, progress, order, variety, harmony, convergence—these are human ideas deduced from the idea of a creating, wise, good, and holy Being. Whatever be the *genesis* of these ideas,—whether they be con-created with the mind, acquired intuitively, or suggested, by the essential nature of mind, in the presence of external objects,—there are men who are conscious that these are their own ideas, and who are, also, conscious of expecting to find that things without accord with these ideas.

Let us for a moment bring some of these ideas to the test of mental analysis. Let us see whether they are simple and original ideas, or whether they can be resolved into elements which are more fundamental to our intellectual constitution. With regard to the first—*fixing on an end*. This is, apparently, capable of being resolved, as a human idea, into—1, the consciousness of a power to aim at something either in one's self, or beyond one's self;—2, the perception of something that is not one's own self;—3, one's relation to that something;—4, one's ability to effect that something in some way;—and 5, one's freedom to choose that end.

Then, as to *the manifestation of invisible properties* with a view to accomplish the end which is supposed to have been chosen. Here are, 1, the consciousness of possessing these invisible properties—say power, intelligence, wisdom, goodness, holiness; 2, the consciousness of ability to put them forth in action; and 3, the knowledge, or judgment, that by so putting forth these invisible properties, the end which has been chosen will be attained.—In like manner, it may be seen from these brief examples, how all the other human ideas deduced from, or somehow related to, the one primal idea of God, may either be resolved into several delicate modifications of the human consciousness, or, if not so resolvable, must be accepted as primitive and essential modes of the working of the human intellect. Our space does not allow us to proceed further in the way of analytically testing these ideas, notions, or states of mind, by whatever name they may be called. Nor is that indispensable to our present purpose. It is enough that so it is—if not with all human minds—yet with our own, and, so far as we can learn, with many more, exist-

ing in the same stage of mental development. By means of such ideas, we can frame an ideal creation ; and this ideal creation we find embodied,—and, of course, transcended, as the embodiment of the Divine idea, from which the human is derived—in the actual world. The attributes of which our idea of God is, so to speak, the intellectual reflexion, are manifested to us, not *as* ideas, but as the modes of the action of God, in the real universe. This is a mode of manifestation which is more within our apprehension, more clear, more full, impressive, and permanent, than any other mode of manifestation. It is the filling up, the substantiation, alike of the derivative and of the primary ideal. It is God's Thought revealed to man's thought. It is more audible, more visible, more intelligible, more naturally adapted to human capacities, and, according to human conceptions, more thoroughly Divine than we can imagine anything else to be. And this is what *is*. It is the entire of things, beings, and events: showing to man (and to other intelligent creatures, we may conjecture) how august, how wise, how good, how holy, that Great Being is, from whom we all proceed.

Stopping short, as we purposely do, of those higher manifestations of God which are, specifically, the themes of the Christian revelation, but some of which it were easy for the disciplined thinker to forecast, though incompletely, from the actual world, we claim a right to say that, even here, there is much to arrest, and richly to repay, the earnest attention of mankind.

First of all:—here lies before us the whole field of human science. Science is the knowledge of laws developed by relations. Here are the things related. Here are the relations. Here are the minds by which these relations are recognised and studied. The laws which science expounds are all here: here, in their abstract form, as conceptions of the human mind; and here, in their actual development under the concrete forms of things. All the things, the relations of things, and the laws of their relations, by whatever formulæ expressed, are seen to be as they are, for certain ends, of which some are highly complicated, some exceedingly abstruse, yet all converging, in various ways, on the one end of elevating and benefiting the mind of the assiduous student. Why do these things exist? Why are they thus related to each other? Why has man the desire to observe them? The power to gratify this desire—and both the desire and the power to register and perpetuate his observations? Why does man—himself the object of one of the sublimest of the sciences, as well as the student of them all, exist? Why is he what he is?

Here are questions which raise us above science, to the regions of Philosophy. As science is the study of laws and

relations, philosophy is the study of unity in the related laws which science has discovered. Science deals with that which is without: Philosophy deals with that which is within. Taking man as he is, with all that science teaches him, and with a great deal more—all his aptitudes, functions, developments, personal and social, transient, successive, or permanent—Philosophy asks, What is he? Whence? Wherefore? He who can answer these questions is one whom the Greeks of old, and the moderns in all latitudes, would hail as belonging to the brotherhood of sages. They are questions worth pondering, whether vain or busy man has the honesty and the leisure to ponder them or not;—but *have* they been answered? If not—why? If so—by whom?

As we read the literature of men, the answer to these questions must be sought above the region of philosophy, in the heights of Theology. The relations of man go beyond the reach of man; for, assuredly, of all the relations he sustains, *that* must be the first, and also the last, and therefore the chief, which he sustains to Him to whom he owes his being. Him we call God. What we know of God when formally enunciated is Theology. The universe is an exponent of God. Theology finds the meaning of the universe—the interpretation of the unity of all created varieties, neither in the abstractions of the human intellect, nor in the concrete of external realities, but in the Being who is the origin, centre, and scope of each particular thing, and of the harmonious whole. Man's theology is confessedly incomplete:—not because it is vitiated by any fundamental conception, but because, in the first place, there are facts in the universe of which our apprehensions are, at best, dim and imperfect; and, secondly, because the consciousness of each inquirer, as well as the general history of our race, bears witness to the truth that man's constitution, and his relations to God, have been disturbed.—This disturbance has introduced questions of incalculable moment, and of overwhelming difficulty, into theology. To present these questions, and to solve them, so far as the solution of them accords with the practical purposes for which man was created, is what we humbly believe to be the design of that series of extraordinary objective discoveries which we hold in religious reverence as—the Christian Revelation.

In reviewing the pre-Adamite earth, we took the freedom to observe, in reference to the laws laid down as the elements of the author's scheme, that some of them are not 'obviously necessary.' By that observation we still abide. And we perceive, or think we perceive, that the author is now beginning to show that there is more logical inconvenience in assuming some of them, than was likely to be apparent from their bare enunciation as abstract propositions.



We are now thinking particularly of the general principles—1, that in all the manifestations of the Divine perfections, there is to be the development of some perfection not previously manifested at all;—and, 2, that there is also to be the carrying forward of the past into the future. It struck us, at the time when these principles were enunciated in the first volume, that there might occur some stage in the course of the Divine manifestation in which the *first* of these principles would be seen to be too partial to be held as a constant principle; and in which the *second* would be seen to be limited by another principle more comprehensive than itself. It further appeared to us, that the writer himself was aware of this probability, especially in relation to the second of these principles; for we find, in his mode of expressing the law, a *proviso*, as it seemed, for such a possible occurrence: the *proviso* being expressed in these words:—‘all that is characteristic in the lower steps of the process should be carried up into the higher—as far as it may subserve the great end; or unless it should be superseded by something analogous and superior in the higher, and the future.’\*

By this *proviso*, the writer's mind was kept free for the contemplation of a possible state of things, in which the principle of carrying the past into the future might cease to operate; and we wish to understand him as thus intentionally limiting a proposition which, without such limitation, would be found to be underserving of the denomination of a principle, or law of Divine manifestation. The pressure of a difficulty which this *proviso* seems, in some measure, to relieve, is felt, the moment we come to those manifestations of the Divine perfections which are actually consequent upon the probation and the apostasy of man.

In handling this delicate part of the theme, Dr. Harris seems to include the apostasy of man within the natural law of change, and to regard it as a change which was not only possible, because man was free, but *a priori* probable, because other free creatures had abused their freedom; and because, further, there were sensibilities in man's nature which would, otherwise, not have been developed. This mode of putting it is worthy of the high character of the writer's mind; and the mode of solving it is, for aught we see, perfect, according to the whole hypothesis of which it forms a part. Not with the captiousness of objection, but in the honesty of inquiry, we, however, ask—Is this solution one which satisfies the human intellect? The question, in another form, amounts to this—will the author's hypothesis commend itself to men as being complete and consistent with itself? The

\* Pre-Adamite Earth, p. 60. Law xi.

students of theology need not be reminded that this hypothesis admits of a fair comparison with those which, in former times, engaged so much attention, though they are now well nigh forgotten, under the title of *Supralapsarianism*, and Sub (or Infra) Lapsarianism. The hypothesis of Supralapsarianism is—that the fall was *decreed*, in order that there might be a manifestation of justice ; the Infralapsarian hypothesis is—that the fall was not decreed ; but, being foreseen, both the acts of Divine justice, and of Divine mercy, were decreed as consequent on the foreseen contingency of the fall. Though Dr. Harris, with much wisdom and admirable taste, avoids the terms of these ancient controversies, he has been treading on the same ground ; and, while treating of things actually done, his whole hypothesis proceeds on the assumption that what was done by the Creator, he did as *part of a predetermined system* of self-manifestation. The principles on which Dr. Harris writes, therefore, are either entirely different from those of both of the parties to whom we refer, or they agree with those of one of the parties in opposition to those of the other.

The didactic style so calmly sustained throughout this well-written volume, must not be taken as an indication of either ignorance, which is out of the question, or of voluntary or involuntary oversight, which is improbable, in relation to the conflicting principles of former times. Conscious of liability to error, in forming a judgment on so abstruse a question, we frankly avow that, as at present advised, the speculations of this volume are based on the *principle* of supralapsarianism. Our reason for coming to this judgment is this : according to the hypothesis here unfolded, the manifestation of mercy was an *original* part of the great scheme of self-manifestation, and every arrangement was made in the constitution of man for bringing about, as part of the 'law of change,' the *occasion* for that particular mode of manifesting God. We are not saying that this is true, or that it is not true ; neither are we affirming or denying that it is the intention of the hypothesis before us ; but we are affirming, as plainly as we can, that, to the best of our apprehension, this is what the author means. It cannot be charged against his hypothesis, or against the supralapsarianism of Calvin and of Beza, that it makes God the author of sin : because, both in the older doctrine, and in the present hypothesis, man is declared to be *free*, and the *sole author of his own sin* ; but it is a part as well of Dr. Harris's hypothesis as of Calvin's doctrine, that the scheme of universal things was so ordered in the Divine Thought, that the *occasion* for the manifestation of justice, and for the manifestation of mercy, *should arise*, as well as the manifestation itself when the occasion appeared. We do not see on what ground it

could be denied that He to whom we ascribe perfection, purposed, of his good pleasure, to manifest that perfection in creation; and, admitting that he did so purpose, we do not see the force of any logical objection to the 'hypothesis,' that this manifestation should be progressive, and progressive in the way which it is the design of these volumes to illustrate. The free acts of man are not, *as such*, included in the plan for developing the manifestation of Divine perfection; though the positive capacities, without which man could not be free, and, therefore, could not sin, and the mode in which the Divine perfection *would be* manifested, if he sinned, does enter into that plan, and is, in fact, the most glorious manifestation of the Divine perfection of which we have any knowledge. That man's abuse of his freedom was possible; that it was foreknown; that a provision was made for that particular exigency; that no change was made in the constitution of man, or in the established mode of Divine agency, to prevent the exigency which was possible, foreknown, and provided for in the scheme of Divine manifestation;—all this appears to us to be within the range of clear and indubitable truths, by whatever name it may be expressed, or whatever consequences may be logically involved in it. At the same time, we see no ground, either here or elsewhere, for thinking that, in any intelligible sense of the words, the fall of man was *foredoomed* by Him against whose law that fall was the voluntary transgression. It is not a logical deduction from the positions which we have just now been recognising as true: for the free act of man is not, in any respect, the act of God. Neither is such a foredooming of the sin of man consistent with that Perfection which all the Creator's acts are intended to display.

Why He who foreknew that man would sin, if not prevented, did not prevent it—is a question which resolves itself into another;—why was a being created for whom it was not impossible to sin? He who can answer the second question will not be puzzled with the first; and, whether either of them be answered or not, the fact is undeniable that such a being *was* made by Him who knew that his offence was possible, and who yet did not prevent the offence: for we know that it was committed.

The way of dealing with such questions is perspicuously exemplified in the closing sections of this volume, of which we must now, somewhat abruptly, take leave, thanking the author for the judgment and diligence he has employed in producing it, and earnestly commending the discussions, so ably conducted, to the serious and devout consideration of our readers.

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ART. VII.—*Daily News, The Sun, Morning Herald, Morning Chronicle, The Times, and Morning Post, from February to August, 1849.*

AMONG the greatest evils of society is the tendency to stagnation. The moment an institution has been established, it is supposed by the majority to be perfect and unchangeable, and their error is discovered only when they have experienced for ages its bitter fruits. Instead of rejoicing in vicissitude, they addict themselves to indolence of thought, and abandon their political and civil interests to the guidance of chance. Hence, in all countries, institutions survive the period of their utility, and become a sort of ivy-mantled ruin, before people can persuade themselves to disencumber the soil of them.

It is, accordingly, the duty of those who have the welfare of society at heart, and whose political creed teaches them that particular should always be subordinate to general good, to direct public attention to institutions, like the House of Lords, which have not only ceased to be in harmony with the spirit of the age, but have lost, in a political sense, all proper vitality. No doubt the oligarchy, as a privileged class, is still powerful in this country, and will continue to be so till the spread of education, and the true spirit of Christianity, shall deliver us from the sin of political idolatry. It is too common for honest men to believe themselves to be branded by Providence with the stigma of inferiority, and to fancy that artificial ranks and distinctions are actually recognised by the system of nature. While this superstition exists, there can be no freedom, properly so called. We are slaves to the images set up by our own minds, which are generally golden images, though it may be of calves.

To deliver our minds from a thralldom so degrading, we ought occasionally to look our idols in the face; to examine what they are made of; and to investigate their organic structure, in order that it may appear whether the gods we worship deserve our adoration or not. It can, at all events, be no offence to try our ideas and opinions, political or civil, by the standard of truth. If the things are worthy of reverence, let us continue to revere them, but if not, let us cease such folly. No advantage can arise from cultivating prejudices, from practising delusions on ourselves, from imagining that there are powers and properties in names, which are not in things. For example, how can it happen that the man called Mr. Baring becomes gifted with any peculiar powers when another man changes his designation, and calls him

Lord Ashburton? Again, does Mr. Phipps become wiser, or greater, or better, when, by a sort of civil hocus pocus, he is transformed into the Marquis of Normanby? Or does Mr. Phillpotts acquire any magical significance, when immersed in the sonorous title of Lord Bishop of Exeter?

It would go far to disabuse the mind of the country if political writers were, in all cases, to retain the original proper names of the individuals who have been disguised by titles. In politics it is not true that 'the rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' Experience has proved the contrary. Mr. Spring Rice soars seven stories in the imagination as Lord Monteagle; and even Mr. Arthur Wellesley, or Westley, as it ought, perhaps, more properly to be written, swells vastly in dimensions as the Duke of Wellington. We should not object to this sort of political superstition if it were not fraught with important mischief to society. But the world being governed by opinion, it is important that that opinion should be based on truth and justice, and not on all sorts of error and folly.

The House of Lords is composed of a number of gentlemen, some of whom have served a legislative apprenticeship in the House of Commons, while others have become peers, or hereditary legislators, without any experience or teaching whatsoever. Instinct qualifies them to make laws, or, at all events, to appear to make laws, for the things they do assist in promulgating under that name are often nothing but the most crude and ill-digested regulations, which are found in less than a month to require amendment, and have, in some cases, to be patched up afresh every session. Nor will they who have ever been at the pains to read the debates, in what is called the Upper House, be at all surprised at this. It would, of course, be unreasonable to look for any remarkable displays of wisdom or eloquence in such an assembly, into which men attain admission by right of descent, without any regard to fitness or merit. But it does not seem absurd to insist that men, when they find themselves there, should apply their minds a little to the business of the country, and be able to talk, at least, as well as sensible persons in other places. This, however, is far from being the case. It would be difficult at any respectable public meeting, even on agricultural distress, or in opposition to free trade, to find a dozen speakers who would not possess a greater aptitude for oratory, and a more familiar acquaintance with the English language, than any dozen peers taken at hap-hazard. Many of the hereditaries are incapable of stringing together the smallest number of sentences, without halting and blundering both in logic and grammar. To listen to them is to be inspired with a profound pity, as well for themselves as for the country, whose public business they assist in perplexing.

From some instinctive conviction of the helplessness of the peers, the House of Commons has monopolized nearly the whole work of legislation. There, at least, there is vitality; there you breathe the air of the present age; there you move among men who sympathize more or less with their contemporaries, who are conscious of what is going on elsewhere, who consider the signs of the times, and who, if not gifted with a genius equal to the vastness of the empire, are desirous to meet the events of their epoch, and provide for the well-being of posterity. To pass from thence into the hereditary house, is like passing from the sunshine into the chill shade, or rather like stepping back two or three hundred years towards the middle ages. Every person around you is a political antiquity. Young or old, it does not signify, they are all relics of a bygone age, all fragments of a system as old as the Crusades. There is nothing modern, nothing of to-day about them. 'They come like shadows, so depart;' mere legislative phantoms, things that mumble half inarticulately, so that the reporters in the gallery constantly complain of not being able to hear them. The classical reader will remember the knot of old gentlemen who stood on the walls of Troy when Helen passed by, and how the poet compares them to grasshoppers with a feeble voice. It is the same with the peers; not, perhaps, physically, but politically. They are mere grasshoppers, chirping inaudibly on the banks of the Thames.

During the early part of the session, the hereditary grasshoppers get almost nothing to chirp about, but come down to the house now and then in search of legislative provision, which they do not find. Sometimes a stray petition is brought in, perhaps on small beer, upon which some ancient lord gets, by an effort, upon his legs, and delivers a few sentences, for the most part inaudible in the gallery. The thing, indeed, is often carried on in dumb show, or, as the reporters express it, 'confidentially,' signifying that the voices of the hereditaries do not, on such occasions, rise above a whisper, which, through our ignorance of acoustics, is lost in empty space. Often and often, they present one or two petitions, ask one question, and adjourn. For whole weeks, their utmost labours consist of a little chat between Lord Brougham and the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Beaumont, and two or three other speech-gifted men; the rest remaining in dumb dignity on the benches asleep, or altogether as good as asleep.

It would be difficult to say what the hereditaries would do were it not for the lively genius of Lord Brougham. Whether there be anything to do or not, he contrives to keep up a small circle of intellectual activity for a short distance around him. He asks



questions, cracks jokes, relates stories, gets into a passion, tells people he despises them, and in this way imparts a certain degree of interest to the debates of the house. Of course he is generally wrong, but that is so much the better. One does not look for logic or sound sense in that quarter. It is enough if there be something to prevent absolute stagnation. There was a time when Brougham and Henry of Exeter used to joust fiercely on the floor of the house, for the entertainment of the hereditary legislators. But this occurred in days gone by, before Brougham himself became a Tory. Now, alas! that versatile individual has no particular antagonist, but, like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, comes down to St. Stephen's intellectually armed, *cap-à-pie*, ready to do battle with any one, on any side of the house, from Lords Lansdowne or Grey down to the Duke of Richmond.

Take up the history of the last session, and you will find that Lord Brougham would not be far wrong if, in the Louis Quatorze style, he should say, 'I am the House of Lords.' He is really the soul of it. Without him there would be no amusing chat, no sparring, no smart quaint dialogues, no sarcastic repartees, no excursions into the land of fun and frolic. Lord Stanley, whom his party once regarded as the Colossus of the house, has dwindled into a mere pigmy, who displays an immense amount of ill-temper, and maintains an useless opposition to the very few good measures introduced by Government. As in duty bound, he occasionally makes long speeches, but they who hear them would rather be deaf, *pro tempore*, while they who encounter them in print wish sincerely they had never been taught to read. Never was there a more unhappy figure than that which Lord Stanley now cuts among the hereditaries. Profoundly conscious of his own uselessness, and perceiving himself doomed to everlasting defeat, he still persists in his Sisyphean labours, rolling the stone of monopoly up hill, never destined, alas! to reach the summit. When he fancies it there, it slips away from his hands, and goes rolling and bounding down the Protectionist benches, bruising or crushing a multitude of Tory ghosts in its descent.

This process was occasionally exemplified during the last session by the debates on the Navigation-laws. Monopoly knew that its last hold on the human mind, in this part of the globe, was among the hereditaries, of whom Lord Stanley was regarded as chief. He accepted the post of honour, and determined to struggle against the doing away of antiquated absurdities. Entrenched round with the ignorance of the house, he felt he held a good position. Manfully, therefore, did he begin the contest, blustering and looking big, as though the blood of all the Protectionists was in his veins. The real battle,

meanwhile, had been fought elsewhere, and the whole country had pronounced the doom of the Navigation-laws. Up, however, the bill came to the peers, who affected to take the matter seriously, and debated several times, as though the decision of the whole affair actually rested with them. Stanley believed it did, and so did the Protectionists in general, which only made the matter more comic. The grasshoppers became exceedingly lively, and chirped vociferously during several hours. But the genius of the Commons was all the while overshadowing them, and when they had amused themselves sufficiently, they did as the people's house directed them, and threw Lord Stanley, with his protectionist phalanx, overboard.

When the object to be obtained is good, the timidity of hereditary wisdom is sure to bar all progress. For example, when the Bishop of Oxford introduced his bill to prevent wholesale traffic in women, he found himself compelled to steer a middle course, which he must have felt would neutralize the whole proceeding. The evil was admitted to be great; the feelings of the country were strong upon the subject; mothers, husbands, fathers, all who take an interest in virtue, all who would uphold the laws of morality, all who would rescue society from one of the foulest stains that rests upon it, were, of course, favourable to the object to be accomplished by the Bishop's bill, but when it actually came before the peers, it had, through we know not what influences, been so shorn of its glories, that nearly all interest in it was at an end; the oligarchs had not sufficient intellectual force to grapple with a great social evil, and so the traffic in seduction goes on, and thousands of women are drafted annually from the provinces to satiate the vices of the metropolis.

A better illustration, however, of the genius of hereditaryism may be found in the proceedings of the house relating to the foreign policy of the Government. Society exhibits three stages in this country; the House of Commons may be regarded as the uppermost, and that itself is depressed below the general level of intellectual men. Then you descend to the peers in Parliament, who inhabit a sort of limbo, immersed in partial obscurity. In the third and lowest depth lie the admirers and supporters of the peers out of doors, who are never, apparently, reached by a single ray of light. From these a cry arose, last winter, against Lord Palmerston's policy, which appeared to be far too liberal to please the heirs of mediæval sentiments who still mingle among us. They, therefore, urged their hereditary representatives to worry ministers a little, and endeavour to excite their alarm at the bold principles and comprehensive designs of their great colleague. Lord Aberdeen, finding the task congenial to his mind, cheerfully undertook it. Other individuals, equally anti-

quoted, and equally feeble, seconded his efforts, and Lord Lansdowne was besieged by a host of petty questions on the affairs of Rome, Sicily, and Italy in general. We cannot say that as a nation we have accomplished much of late for liberty on the continent, but the fault, we suspect, does not lie with Lord Palmerston; the probability is, that, had he been prime minister, or been left entirely to himself, he would have intervened with a vengeance in Sicily, Rome, and Northern Italy. What he might have done in Hungary may be more problematical, but until we discover good reasons for changing our opinion, we shall continue to believe that there, also, he would have caused the influence of Great Britain to be felt had he consulted only the inspirations of his genius. As it was, he could only exercise a moral influence over the affairs of Italy and Germany; but, when history comes thoroughly to investigate the subject, it will be found, we incline to believe, that he went as far as he could go, consistently with his position in the ministry.

However this may be, it was not for doing too little, but for doing too much, that he encountered censure among the hereditaries. Lord Aberdeen is, of course, anxious to be in the Foreign Office again, and therefore seizes eagerly on every possible occasion of depreciating his rival. He is the advocate of absolutism and legitimacy all over the world; admires Nicholas and Metternich, and the King of Naples, and the Pope; and if there be any other enemy of the human race, you may fearlessly add him to the list.

Well, as their lordships had really nothing serious to do, they thought it might not be amiss to get up a little pleasant discussion on our foreign policy, just by way of creating appetite for their dinners. Not that they understood much about the matter—that they felt was unnecessary—but in their section of St. Stephen's, the less a man knows the more he can talk. A considerable portion of the session was accordingly consumed by Lord Aberdeen and his friends, who always wanted papers, and all sorts of information on Italy, Rome, and so on. It is useful, we admit, to watch governments, which are never much to be trusted, either at home or abroad. There is also a homely old adage—'Set a thief to catch a thief'—in which there is much wisdom, but, in the case of Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston, it was setting the culprit to catch the honest man, so the thing was not done, and the honest man got the best of it. Still a considerable portion of the session was consumed in the chase, and that, too, in a manner the most ludicrous. Some peer, in that inspiration which succeeds dinner, fancied he could bother Lord Lansdowne and the Government by asking some terrible question, or making some complex motion for papers. When it came to



the trial, however, he always found his machinations end in smoke. Lord Lansdowne refused to answer his question, or would give him no papers, saying jocularly there were none to give, and professing the most profound ignorance on the part of Government. Government knew nothing—Government, indeed, had read the newspapers like other people, but otherwise could afford the noble lord no information, which it regretted, of course, but could not help. Lord Brougham usually assisted ministers greatly while seeking to embarrass them, by getting up a little private quarrel with some peer, and thus creating a diversion, during which the officials had time to plan and effect their escape.

It occasionally happens that the collection of political antiquities, known by the name of the House of Lords, remembers, in its dream-like state, that we have a colonial empire, and asks a question or two respecting it. But, if any one should infer, from the grandeur and importance of that empire, that the proceedings of the peers, when discussing its interests, must be grand in proportion, he would be grievously deceived. We never remember to have observed in the debates of that House, a single indication, that it could mentally embrace the vast circle of our possessions, and provide wisely for the welfare of them all. Our dominions extend over the surface of the globe, are found in every latitude, and abound in all the varied productions to which the soil of our planet gives birth. Among our fellow-countrymen, we reckon nations infinitely diversified in race, language, and religion, from the fire-worshipper, who bends the knee every morning before the rising sun, to the benighted pagan of New Holland, whose ideas of life and death, of time and of eternity, are circumscribed within the narrowest limits known to the human intellect. But when the peers get upon their legs to discuss the interests of this mighty concourse of nations, comprehending, numerically, a fifth of the whole human race, that is to say, upwards of two hundred millions of men, do we ever observe anything of that Roman elevation of thought which should be inspired by the consciousness of so much power and responsibility? Do they appear to feel that we are acting the part of a mortal providence on earth, that we are the setters up and pullers down of kings; that we distribute wealth or poverty, happiness or misery, over a very large portion of every division of the globe; that a part of Asia, Africa, Austral Asia, America, and Europe, lies absolutely prostrate at our feet, and that we stand to many sections of our human brethren, in the place of a superior nature?

On the contrary, when a peer gets up to talk on colonial matters, it is generally with a view of bothering Lord Grey, and

insinuating that he manages his department in Downing-street much less cleverly than Lord Stanley or Mr. Gladstone. Of all the pitiful displays made, therefore, by the grasshoppers, this is the most pitiful. Never was chirping so small as their colonial chirping. It has been said, perhaps truly, that we are a people of routine and iron will, who have blundered into greatness in spite of our statesmen. We have certainly done so in spite of the House of Lords; but in the Commons, for many years past, there has been a sort of rough-and-ready good sense, which, although not deserving the name of refined or subtle policy, serves very well in these matter-of-fact days as a substitute for it. According to the theory of our constitution, however, the House of Commons legislates under correction of the House of Lords; that is, the representatives of the people are supposed to be subservient to the representatives of a small privileged class. The revolution in England consists in the emancipation of the House of Commons from the despotism of the peers.

The two Houses are only dual in appearance. Until very recently, the Commons House was as completely swayed by the authority of the oligarchy, as the House of Lords itself. Now the weight is being gradually thrown into the other scale. The Commons is acquiring the predominance; and everything wise, statesmanlike, and liberal, achieved within the last few years, is traceable exclusively to their preponderance. The Lords have degenerated into obstructives, who, instead of furthering the business of legislation, stand in the way of all progress. As the popular principle acquires strength, the influence of the Commons will be brought to bear more and more upon the Lords, who will find it necessary to succumb more frequently to public opinion expressed through the people's House.

There is a pedantry in politics as well as in scholarship, which leads sometimes to the most laughable errors, sometimes to great national calamities. In the pedantic age of European history, from which we have not even yet entirely escaped, everything was supposed to be effected by what the arch-pedants denominated the balance of power. Possessed by this idea, they invented a symbol for the privileged classes, and called it the House of Peers, with another for the middle classes, which they called the Commons. For the great body of the nation, they thought no symbol necessary, and therefore gave it none. However, they imagined they had accomplished great things by creating their balance, which in reality never existed, save in their imagination. Meanwhile the people quietly obtained a symbol which has acquired great significance in these latter days—we mean public opinion—the sole representative of the masses. This same opinion, however, is often misunderstood, even by those

who affect to have studied its workings. For their own purpose, they teach that its influence is always paramount, that they may attribute to it whatever is done by established rulers. But opinion operates slowly, uncertainly, and seldom extirpates a grievance until it has accomplished much mischief and misery. At this moment it is pronouncing itself, though with much hesitation, slowness, and indistinctness, against that mummy-like fragment of the middle ages, which has come down to us in mouldy wrappings under the name of the House of Lords. But it seldom acts like a tempest or a hurricane, overthrowing and sweeping away the musty relics which, piled up and accumulated by time, obstruct the march of civilization. It operates rather like a corrosive atmosphere, gradually eating away mischievous institutions, until they vanish into thin air, and disappear, no one knows how.

By this process, evidently, it is assailing the House of Lords, which daily grows thinner and more ghost-like, as opinion breathes into it the principle of decay. The representatives of feudal times still squeak and gibber on the floor, and enact the fantastic farce of privileged legislation; but as they do so, they feel the fatal languor in their frames, their bones are becoming marrowless, and their eyes without speculation.

Meanwhile, however, let us glance over the history of their last session, and endeavour to be present at some of the strange scenes that took place among them. As we have already remarked, dismal indeed would be their sittings, but for the vivacious qualities of Lord Brougham, who, by a sort of galvanic battery, sometimes succeeds in imparting an appearance of life to the House. We shall quote from the brief journal we keep of the proceedings of the peers, written, it must be owned, in language not the most complimentary, but truthful nevertheless. The following is a record of what they accomplished on the 3rd of April, one of their busy days:—

‘Royal assent to four bills; eight peers present petitions; report on petty Sessions Bill received; Lansdowne moves that House adjourn to the 19th, whereupon Brougham flies into a passion about being misrepresented by the journals, together with his fellow peers, some of whom when he was crowing over the defeat of the friends of liberty in Italy, cry, “Oh, oh! No, no!” which his lordship thinks means, “hear, hear!” The “Times” is witty on this subject; it says—

‘On reference to the reports in the morning papers of yesterday, we are induced to believe that Lord Brougham, in the complaint we have reported, was alluding to a statement in this journal, although he has been guilty of a slight exaggeration in changing our solitary “cry” of “No, no! oh, oh!” into “cries” of “Oh, oh! no, no!” Now, with all deference to his lordship, he will find that our report was not singular in stating that a cry of “Oh, oh!” was raised—for it is so stated in an evening paper of the preceding day. Our reporter said that he



heard distinctly a cry of "No, no!" and thinks, though he is not certain, that it proceeded from Earl Fitzwilliam, whose speech is in accordance with such an exclamation, and that another noble lord added, at the same time, "Oh, oh!" However, his lordship's correction is conceived in such a spirit of kindness generally, and the reporters are so indebted to him for his repeated exposition of the defective principles on which the house is constructed for hearing, that we are willing to take it for granted, that cries of "Hear, hear!" were distinctly heard at "the throne end of the house," although by the time they came round to the reporters' gallery, they sounded very like either "No, no!" or "Oh, oh!"

On the 23rd of the same month, Brougham again exhibits, enacting the enraged orator on the subject of Raffaele's 'Transfiguration,' which he fears may come to this country, and ruin, we suppose, the Royal Academy, but is somewhat pacified by learning, though no one knows by what means, that the report is false. Lansdowne comforts him with a hope that the report may prove exaggerated. Redesdale thereupon opens up a whole course of history to their lordships, and descants on the continental sovereigns, who purchased Charles I.'s pictures when sold by the Long Parliament. Thinks revolutionary monarchies, as well as republics, founded on murder, (consoling doctrine!)

April 27th, several peers contrive to exhibit themselves in an amiable light on a question of foreign policy. Beaumont, a somewhat pertinacious personage, asks for papers on Sicilian affairs, and inquires whether Catania had really been delivered up to pillage for a whole day. Lansdowne is doubtful about papers, but not at all about the fate of Catania. Stanley takes a comfortable view of the horrors in Sicily, which he thinks were perfectly according to rule. The parts he doesn't like he doesn't believe, and the parts he doesn't believe he doesn't like, which was philosophical. Aberdeen won't let Government alone, but repeats questions put by Beaumont, getting no more precise answers. Says in high dudgeon, that ministers are manufacturing the papers, an operation that takes time. (Is his lordship used to this sort of thing? Was the Foreign Office, in his time, a manufactory of papers?) Eddisbury denies the soft impeachment, and affects a great deal of virtuous indignation; (must have cost him something to get up the steam.) Brougham thinks delay suspicious; hopes things will prove all right. Considers atrocities very natural, and such as any man or peer might perpetrate after having been called upon to make great exertions. Atrocities are, in fact, the proper reward of patriotic efforts. Minto puts faith in the Sicilian horrors, and draws a dreadful picture of Neapolitan atrocities, everywhere, including violation and murder. These are the things which Stanley thinks a joke, and Brougham the natural

reward of valour. (What would 'Lola Montez' say to this?) Beaumont perseveres in his fondness for papers, and Lansdowne promises to oblige him when they are ready. (Pity he couldn't get them before.) Brougham makes House immensely merry by some inaudible wit. Motion agreed to.

By way of relaxation, the peers then proceed to amuse themselves with a little pleasant discussion on cruelties to dogs, which, we hope, are treated somewhat more humanely than the people of Sicily. Beaufort introduces the topic by moving second reading of Cruelty to Animals Bill. Campbell thinks yoking dogs to carts is not cruel. Employs these animals as coach-horses for his own children, which is a logical argument. Beaufort, in consequence, relinquishes the protection of dogs, silently, perhaps, determining to yoke them to carriages in his own nursery. Minto thinks that while interfering with the cruelties of the poor, the cruelties of the rich should also be taken into account. Fancies he has seen in hunting something as bad as dog-carts. Beaufort affirms that his bill will provide against cruelties in all classes. (Hope it may.) Second reading passed. Redesdale takes no notice of this, but having, we suppose, Malay blood in him, thinks cock-fighting a harmless pastime, utterly devoid of cruelty when the cocks have no steel weapons, because cocks are of a size, and like fighting. Oxford extends his lawn sleeves over dogs, but leaves cocks to shift for themselves. Grey thinks the whole subject moonshine, and steeple-chases much worse. (Not far wrong.) Malmesbury, obviously a direct descendant from Solon, likes to see dogs trot up and down a hard road, because it makes them healthy. (His lordship would perhaps like to be trotted in the same way.) Oxford dreads hydrophobia; might not otherwise object. Malmesbury says, that hundreds of persons gain a living by carrying about shoes and fish in dog-carts; the thing should consequently be allowed. (Thousands earn their living by thieving. Is not this a valid reason for tolerating theft?) Argyle says they don't harness dogs to carts in Scotland; so, as he never observes anything that takes place anywhere else, is not competent to offer remarks on the subject. (Wish all hereditaries were equally modest.) Chancellor reminds their lordships that there is no question before the House. Lordships surprised. Carlisle corrects Chancellor, as Minto had proposed that the Bill should be read that day six months; Chancellor equally astonished in his turn; had paid no attention to Minto, or couldn't hear him. Second reading had been carried, and Minto thrown overboard. Minto enlightens Chancellor on the subject of his motion. Cabinet ministers consult, and resolve to oppose bill on third reading. (Woe, therefore, to dogs and donkeys!)

May 8th. Petitions on various subjects by four lords. Grey asks Richmond to postpone motion on fabulous agricultural distress. Richmond consents; Grey requests Winchelsea same thing. Agrees, but makes no sign. Debate on Navigation Bill resumed. Carlisle makes long speech, inaudible in parts, but supports bill, with much rhapsody, about 'Mistress of the Seas!' Nelson—not he of Trafalgar—supports nautical antiquities, of which Navigation-laws form a part. Produces no effect. Bruce supports, complimenting their lordships on the pertinacity with which they talk. Talbot alarmed by bill. (Don't wonder, weak nerves.) Waldegrave turns his back on reporters, who return him the compliment and don't report his speech. Harrowby, of beer celebrity, opposes bill. Brougham makes a second assault on the subject. Grey doesn't know what Brougham says, and asks him what he is talking about; Brougham says he is explaining. House laughs. Wharncliffe supports bill in long speech. (Wish he would study brevity.) Londonderry opposes, in dumb show—(exceedingly judicious, as he can't speak)—Grey and Oxford rise for a race. The latter waives his right, and Grey makes a speech of alarming length in favour of free trade. Stanley won't go back to days of Richard II., or to those of Randolph, when, in Grey's language, colonies were 'damnable rich.' (Didn't know Grey was in the habit of swearing. Looks far too sanctimonious for that, but couldn't help it, when encountering such stupid opposition.) Says Providence rules the hearts of kings. (Considering what their actions usually are, don't agree with him.) Intends to be manful in 'this awful hour of his country's fate.' Lansdowne affects to be excited, and feigns astonishment at Stanley's mention of 'unconstitutional menaces,' which, in King Cambyzes' vein, he defies him to prove. (Pleasant comedy.) House gets tired, and divides. Protectionists beaten thoroughly.

May 10th. After the usual shoal of petitions, Beaumont, in lengthy speech, moves that standing order respecting strangers be considered. Alludes to reporters. Brougham informs him that reporters are strangers. Beaumont knows that as well as he, but observes that all strangers are not reporters, a logic not above the level of Brougham's capacity. Lansdowne has insuperable objection to motion. Endeavours to explain, but fails; all he can urge being, that it is one of their lordship's privileges to talk nonsense out of the hearing of strangers, which he thinks they had better maintain. Brougham makes a comic speech on subject of reporters' gallery, in which he attacks and defends everything and everybody, but, above all things, contends for their lordships' privilege to be disorderly, a privilege which, he says, he always vindicates to himself. (Right for once.)



Londonderry expresses regret that his speeches were not properly reported, because couldn't be heard. Even his regrets are so inaudible that the reporters, of whom he says very fine things, are obliged to supply his meaning by conjectures. Redesdale proposes architectural amendment. Thinks conversation of House drowns bad oratory. Considers that strangers when actually in the House, had better be supposed in, than out of it, as they may thus be better kept in order. (Must have studied logic under Aristotle.)

Galloway delivers a speech full of sound and fury:—

'I rise,' he says, 'to give my most emphatic dissent to the panegyric which has been delivered on the accuracy with which our debates are reported. I utterly deny it. Whenever the noble and learned lord, or any other individual who occupies a high position in the house and the country, rises to address your lordships, more attention is paid to what they say than is paid to others. They may be accurately reported, but being engaged in other occupations, they have not time to see how the speeches of others are reported. But when an humble individual like myself, to whom it is an unwelcome task to be compelled to address your lordships, in presenting petitions of great importance is forced to address you, he generally considers well what he has to say, and his words are therefore very few. He looks in the newspapers the next morning, to see how he has been reported, and it has been my unhappy fate, after having presented a hundred petitions on a most important subject, and after having made a short speech, and after having been told by friends of mine who were in the gallery, that every syllable I uttered was distinctly heard there, to find that not one word of what I said was reported. (Roars of laughter from all parts of the house.) I hope I am heard now. (Laughter continued.) If there is one thing calculated to lower this house in public estimation, it is the way—the miserable way—in which debates are reported. (Laughter, and cries of "No.")'

Meaning, we presume, that a surer way of bringing the house into contempt would be to report accurately. We won't decide between these opponents. Grey wishes to stop the mouths of strangers, that the lords may have all the talk to themselves. Galloway thinks that if reporters can't hear speeches, they should not make other speeches instead of them, except, perhaps, when what they write is much better than what the others could say. Malmesbury is of opinion that there ought to be a shorthand writer in the house. An improvement on this would be for every lord to have his own reporter, especially if there were a newspaper published expressly to hold their speeches, and not intended to be read. This is Montague's opinion, who says, that if every speech were taken down *totidem verbis*, 'the world would not be able to read such a mass of verbiage.' (If he never said anything true before, he hit the mark

now.) Malmesbury does not purpose to have reports published, but kept in the library as matters of record, to be consumed at the conflagration of the world. Monteagle says the practice would be inconvenient. Lansdowne won't augment the Chancellor's privileges.

Brougham thinks no speeches but his own, remarkable for accuracy of diction. Salisbury suggests that strict silence should be kept. Beaumont gets sick of the question, and thinks the House has had enough. At all events, everybody else had. Motion agreed to.

A few days after, Brougham and Beaumont get entangled in a pleasant colloquy on the occasion of certain questions which the latter had thought proper to put about the affairs of Rome. Being engaged in making a speech, he is interrupted by Lord Brougham, who says, 'Had the assassins of Rossi been arrested at that time?' Lord Beaumont had heard the observation of his noble and learned friend. Though generally he respected what fell from the noble and learned lord, he regretted to tell him that on this occasion, as, indeed, on many others, it was impossible for any man to fathom his motives. His assertions, one after another, were inconsistent with themselves, and all contrary to fact; and it would not be long before he heard from those whom he had slandered that his assertions were falsehoods, and before he would be called upon to contradict or retract them. ('Order, order.')

'Lord Brougham.—I have allowed the noble baron to go on without interruption, in one of the most irregular speeches which I ever heard delivered in this house.

'The Earl of Wicklow (we were told).—There is no irregularity.

'Lord Brougham.—No irregularity?

'The Earl of Wicklow.—Not in his speech.

'Lord Brougham.—There is irregularity, and the gross irregularity is this—the noble baron puts a question and prefaces it by a long speech, which is perfectly irregular.

'The Earl of Wicklow.—It is done every day.

'Lord Brougham.—The only office of a speech is to introduce a question, and to make it intelligible to the Government which has to answer it. But to make a long speech, and to refer to former debates, and to say that any noble lord's assertions are falsehoods (hear, hear), is a course so irregular that I never saw it taken in this house before, and I receive the statement just made, from whomsoever it comes, with the most absolute contempt (hear, hear).

'Lord Beaumont.—I am now doing what the noble and learned lord admits that I am strictly entitled to do. I am making a statement to render my question intelligible, and if my speech be longer than it otherwise would have been, it arises from the erroneous statements of the noble and learned lord.

‘ Lord Brougham.—My lords, I ask whether it is either regular or orderly, even according to the widest rule of order, for any noble lord, on the information of an Italian, I know not whom, to accuse another noble lord of having delivered falsehoods to the house. I will pin the noble lord to that expression of falsehood. He may either explain it, or retract it, or apologize for it, not, indeed, to me, because I despise it, but to the house, whose orders he has violated.

‘ Lord Beaumont.—Certainly I did use the word “ falsehoods,” but I never meant to insinuate, and I never thought, that they were falsehoods of the noble and learned lord. Whatever be the violence of his language, I have too much respect for the noble and learned lord even, in moments like these, to assert that he would state anything like falsehood wilfully, knowing it to be so. Falsehood was too strong an expression to use. But if I had used a milder form of words, it would only have meant the same thing. I might have said that in making the assertion the noble and learned lord was misinformed, but, after all, my meaning would have been the same. I think that the word falsehood ought not to have been used, and, if it did escape my lips, I willingly apologize to the noble and learned lord for having applied it in any way to him. What I meant to say was this, that many statements had gone forth on these subjects not exactly in accordance with truth.’

We entreat the reader who has formed for himself anything like a theory of what a legislative assembly should be, to consider this, and similar passages in the debates of the peers, and then to ask himself whether he can honestly respect individuals who spend the time which ought to be devoted to national affairs, in personal squabbling so utterly ridiculous. At other times the old gentlemen, imagining themselves once more in the nursery, relate to each other little tales and anecdotes, just such as they used to hear, in days of yore, from their mammas. Don't let the reader mistake us! We respect the nursery, and think it a very delightful place. But then there comes a time, unfortunately, in life, when, willing or unwilling, we must make our exit from that terrestrial paradise, bid adieu to its pleasures and its fictions, and apply ourselves to the rough duties of the world. This, however, the House of Lords refuses to do. Surrounded by stern realities, it will not emerge from its dream of green fields, nurse's laps, cakes, and gingerbread, but persists in setting up 'Goody Two Shoes' for its model. As a striking example we would adduce the history of Lord Brougham's attack on Signor Manzoni, the Finance Minister of the Roman Republic. Having, in the public journals, seen some wretched gossip about the sale of the works of art preserved in the Vatican, without inquiring into the truth or probability of the story, away he flies to the House of Lords, and, beholding the unfortunate President of the Council in his place, forthwith



assails him with a repetition of the nonsense he had read. But we must refer the reader to the debates.

From what has been said it will be seen that, however heavy the hereditaries may be when they endeavour to be serious, their natural tendency is towards frivolity. The reason, perhaps, may be that, during three-fourths of the session, they have nothing to do. The House of Commons has, then, a monopoly of exertion, most of it, no doubt, thrown away, or directed into wrong channels—and all the lords can do, is to get up a few small dialogues upon dog-carts, beer-barrels, casinos, convicts, medals, or seduction. Whatever may be the subject of their investigations, however, we observe in them a laxity of mental grasp, an epicurean carelessness, a Sybaritist indifference to the rest of the world, which our better feelings revolt against. Nothing do they take in earnest, except it may be some personal affront, which rouses their ire for a moment, and then passes off, like harvest lightning, with a very poor attempt at explosion.

Towards the close of the session, multitudes of bills come pouring in from the Commons, and then it may be supposed the peers are in their glory, having at length got something to do. Quite the contrary, their indolence is disturbed, and their temper is ruffled, and instead, therefore, of applying themselves diligently to the task assigned them, they seek to display their consequence by obstructing the progress of legislation, by throwing out a number of the more important measures submitted to their consideration. Year after year, as most persons will remember, these ancient gentlemen sought, during the Melbourne administration, to exhibit tokens of their vitality by preventing the transaction of all public business. Nothing would they pass, but, instead, addicted themselves to loquacious speaking, and delivered endless diatribes—*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. In this art Lord Lyndhurst was a thorough master. Animated by spite and petulance, he used to employ all the leisure of the session in getting up, what the Premier called, ‘his exercitation,’ with which to dismiss ministers to the pleasures of the recess. His friends and partizans applauded the dull display. In his malice they discovered proofs of wit; in his pertinacity indications of labour; in his personal invectives, touches of a liberal and cultivated mind. He and his exertions are now forgotten, gone, as Swift expresses it, where the chickens went before. In going, however, he has bequeathed his mantle to Disraeli, who, for several years past, has been trying, with much inferior success, to get up the same exhibition in the Commons.

In this country, the oligarchy are visibly losing ground; not that their wealth, their privileges, or their pride, can in any

sense be said to be diminished, but that their antagonists are hourly multiplying, that education, the worst of all their enemies, is spreading among the humbler classes, and that, consequently, the tendency to political idolatry is growing perpetually feebler and feebler. Still knowledge has much to accomplish; self-interest, avarice, meanness, and self-seeking in every form, combine to support the worship of those who have much to bestow. But Providence does not sleep, and the Nemesis that awaits on despotism, whether exercised by classes or individuals, is evidently casting its dark shadow over the fortunes of privilege. Christianity, in all its developments democratic, is teaching all classes the portentous truth that there is no natural inequality among men, either in a religious or political sense; and, as we have all an equal right to the knowledge of the truth, so we have an equal right to diffuse that knowledge for the benefit of our fellow-creatures. There is no real superiority but virtue or genius, and even these confer no claim to control the actions of others. By entering into civil society, men entail upon themselves many evils, but none greater than that which arises from the false belief that it is the duty of the majority to submit themselves implicitly to the guidance of the few. Submission is due to nothing but justice, whether it be embodied in the form of law, or in any other form. Property is not entitled to rule, because it implies no superiority of wisdom or virtue, but, often, rather the reverse. Still, as an institution of society, it deserves the same respect which we pay to its other institutions, when experience has shown them to be valuable. But privilege is inequality, and inequality is injustice. The worst of all injustice, however, is that which is hereditary, which gathers force with time, and goes rolling over the heads of numerous generations, to degrade and crush them in its passage. The House of Lords represents this accumulated injustice, and stands up, in the middle of the nineteenth century, as a monument of how great an amount of wrong human patience will sometimes endure.

### Brief Notices.

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*Aspects of Nature in Different Lands and Different Climates: with Scientific Elucidations.* By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by Mrs. Sabine. In Two Vols. London: Longman and Co., and John Murray.

To whatever cause we are indebted for the appearance of these volumes, we rejoice in the fact, and take the earliest opportunity of introducing them to our readers. The name of the author supersedes the necessity of extended commendation. Few persons will require to be assured that any production of Baron Humboldt will amply repay for the cost of purchase and the labour of perusal. The series of papers composing the work originated amidst the scenes described. 'Detached fragments,' the author tells us, in the preface to his first edition, 'were written down on the spot, and at the very moment, and were afterwards moulded into a whole. The view of nature on an enlarged scale, the display of the concurrent action of various forces or powers, and the renewal of the enjoyment which the immediate prospect of tropical scenery affords to sensitive minds, are the objects which I have proposed to myself.' Such were the origin and objects of the original work, which is now remoulded by the author in his eightieth year, so as 'to meet the requirements of the present time.' The scientific elucidations have been enlarged, or replaced by new and more comprehensive ones, which condense the latest results of modern investigation. Mrs. Sabine has executed her task with consummate skill, and the names of the publishers are a sufficient guarantee for the neatness and accuracy of the edition, which is printed in a form similar to their translation of 'Cosmos.'

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*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1850.* By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Peter Jackson.

WE are glad to see 'Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book' again upon our table. It is a memorial of the past which affords us pleasure, something akin to that experienced on the reappearance of an old friend, from whom we formerly parted with the saddening presentiment that we should meet no more. The gay companions of its youth are gone, and it stands almost alone, like some octogenarian memorial of the habits and pleasantries of a by-gone generation. It recalls sweet memories, and amidst the hard commerce of the world, helps to renew the freshness and buoyancy of our early days. We need such aid, and receive it thankfully. Let others say what they please, we love to revive the thoughts and the feelings, as well as to revisit the scenes, of youth. There is an enjoyment and blessedness in doing so, for which



mere lucre cannot compensate, nor even the wisdom of experience furnish a substitute.

The present volume of this favourite annual is edited by Dr. Charles Mackay, who tells us that 'he felt the task one of extreme difficulty, when he reflected upon the elegance and purity of its first—and the passionate eloquence and deep feeling of its last editress.' The popularity of the work will not suffer by the change, as its poetic illustrations are at once varied, spirited, and graceful. The editor has happily seized the main points of interest in the topics allotted to him, and has gracefully grouped around them the bright fancies and pure thoughts of poetry. 'The Harp of Erin;' 'The Bard's Request;' 'The Greenwich Pensioner;' 'Lord Gough;' and 'The English Girl;' are specimens of a class which all will read with pleasure. The volume contains thirty-six engravings, some of which are highly finished. Their subjects are greatly diversified, combining portraits, with natural scenery, architectural remains, and fancy pictures, which suggest a moral not easily forgotten. The exterior and whole 'getting up' of the volume are exceedingly beautiful, displaying, if possible, even more elegance and taste than its predecessors.

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*The History of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.*

By Wolfgang Menzel. Translated from the fourth German edition, by Mrs. George Horrocks. In Three Vols. London: Henry G. Bohn.

BOHN'S 'Standard Library' has admirably fulfilled its early promise, and the additions made to it from month to month, while they bear out the original professions of its projector, greatly enhance its value. Of this the volumes before us are illustrations. A History of Germany has long been wanting. Its absence from our literature has been felt as an evil, and we rejoice that the deficiency is at length supplied, though not by one of our own countrymen. The distinguished reputation of Menzel will attract attention and confidence to his work, which contains much information, not generally accessible to English readers, and many novel views on points familiar to our countrymen. 'A Protestant, and perfectly free from bigotry, this historian has, when treating of religion and religious controversy, generally allowed facts to speak for themselves, thus leaving the inference to the sagacity of his peruser; nor can he be charged with partiality, save in some few instances, when national vanity obscured his better judgment.' The work displays a vast range of reading, and if not as profound or brilliant as some of the historical compositions of Germany, is yet marked by other qualities better adapted to win the confidence of intelligent readers. Until very recently, we should have deemed it incredible that such a work could have been furnished to our readers at the astonishingly low price of half a guinea. It will not be the fault of Mr. Bohn if our countrymen do not become as intelligent as they are enterprising. His labours are an admirable supplement to those of the school-room and the literary institution.

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*Inspiration in Conflict with the Recent Forms of Philosophy and Scepticism.* The Lecture delivered at the opening of the United Presbyterian Divinity Hall. Session 1849. By John Eadie, LL.D. Edinburgh : W. Oliphant and Son.

WE have read this able lecture with no ordinary satisfaction, and strongly recommend it to the immediate and careful perusal of the younger ministers of all religious bodies. We cannot commit ourselves to every expression, nor indeed to every opinion which it broaches, but we have rarely met with a publication, the general drift and bearing of which have more entirely our cordial concurrence and approval. The *existing* aspect of the great question discussed, is clearly perceived by Dr. Eadie, and the counsels he gives are alike indicative of fervent attachment to evangelical truth, and of an enlightened estimate of what is required, at the present day, from its friends and advocates. He is obviously familiar with the theories examined, has thought out for himself the views he advances, deals in arguments rather than reproaches, and is supremely concerned that the rising ministry should be well qualified to deal with the more subtle forms of scepticism which have taken the place of the grosser infidelity of the past generation. He wisely remarks that, 'In such a crisis, we cannot expect that the "answers" and "apologies" of a former age will suffice. Defences of the genuineness, authenticity, and integrity, of the sacred books, will not meet the difficulty. The impugnors of proper inspiration sit easy under such arguments; for, though they may sneer at them, they are disposed, in some degree, to yield them a vague assent.' These words enunciate a most important fact, the general recognition of which will augur well for the future efficiency of religious ministrations. We are thankful to Dr. Eadie for having so distinctly enforced it, and look to the adoption of his counsel as the best antidote which can be furnished to the errors now prevalent. The stereotyped modes of thought are, of course, most easily adopted by ordinary minds, and they are unhappily those with which we most commonly meet. But they are utterly unequal to the crisis which has arisen. In many cases they injure, rather than serve, the cause of truth, by bringing the intellect of its advocates into contempt, and inducing the suspicion that they do not comprehend, and are incapable of mastering, the theories against which they declaim. Well furnished and able teachers are the great want of the Church, and Dr. Eadie has rendered good service in preparing the way for their appearance.

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*Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham, and St. Thomas of Canterbury.* By Desiderius Erasmus. Newly translated, with the Colloquy on Rash Vows, by the same Author, and his Characters of Archbishop Warham and Dean Colet, by Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Westminster : Nichols and Son.

WE are indebted, we believe, to the visit of the Archæological Institute to Walsingham for this translation of the gossiping 'Colloquies'

of Erasmus. Those who are familiar with the 'Peregrinatio Religionis ergo' only through the coarse and obsolete renderings of Bailey and L'Estrange, will deem themselves indebted to Mr. Nichols for his labour; while the more learned reader will rejoice in his countrymen having an accurate version of productions which are richly valuable, 'whether as illustrating a chapter of religious history, or as supplying features of local description, not elsewhere to be found.' The value of the publication is greatly enhanced by the Notes and Dissertations supplied by Mr. Nichols, which furnish all that a well-read and erudite antiquary can contribute. 'His object has been merely the illustration of a feature of our early religious history, in the most approved historical manner, that is to say, from contemporary sources of information.' We thank him for his labours, and commend them to the favour of our readers.

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*The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge.* Vol. VIII. 8vo. London: Charles Knight.

WE are glad to announce another volume of this valuable work, which extends to the article on the North-west Passage. The enterprising publisher has punctually fulfilled his engagement, and we cannot doubt but that his labours will be duly appreciated by the public. There is no other work to be compared with it in the compass and value of its information, considering the low price at which it is issued. What was formerly the luxury of the few, has now become the property of the many, and Mr. Knight is entitled, on this account, to the warm thanks of the friends of a sterling popular literature. We cannot too strongly recommend 'The National Cyclopædia' to the favour of our readers. Every young man, especially, should endeavour to procure a copy of the work.

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*The Impending Dangers of our Country.* By W. Ferguson, Bicester. London: Ward and Co.

THIS is one of the most heart-sickening books we ever read. The author, a Congregational minister in a rural district, has recorded, from personal observation, a mass of terrible facts—not made for blue books, but *facts*—as to the moral, social, and religious condition of our agricultural poor. It is greatly to his credit that in such a work he has written so earnestly and so dispassionately. There is not the slightest appearance of exaggeration—but in grave, plain words the truth is told,—and it is the truth of a kind that may, and we trust will, set many men reflecting how this ever-widening chasm between the labouring classes of England and the rest of the community is to be bridged over. Coleridge says, 'good government should give security to possessors, facility to acquirers, and hope to all.' For a large mass of Englishmen there is no facility of acquiring, no hope—and where that is the state of many, the 'security to possessors' must be a brittle thing.



*Discipline.* By the Author of 'Letters to My Unknown Friends.'  
London: Longman and Co.

THIS is a little volume very far superior to the ordinary run of practical religious works. The aim of the author is, to show how, by strict self-examination, the petty annoyances of daily life may be made means of Christian discipline, and to assist in the self-inspection by a series of chapters—one for each day in a week—each treating of one sin which produces such vexations. There are in the volume much earnestness, and therefore no cant—great knowledge of the heart, evidently the result of careful study of the writer's own, marks of a thoughtful, cultivated mind, and, above all, deep intelligent piety.

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